

Sports Illustrated

JULY 26, 1983 \$1.75

WATSON TAKES THE FIFTH

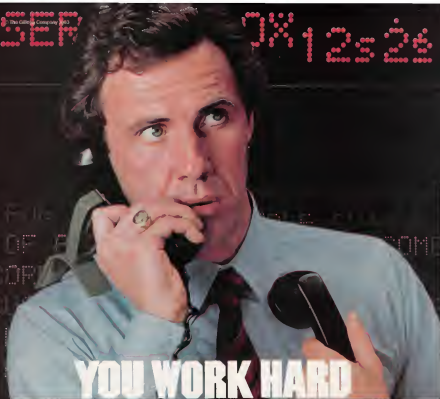


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



LIEBER'S VIOLIN BECAME A SECOND FIDDLE

Last week Writer-Reporter Jill Lieber spent her 27th birthday in Denver, helping Writer Ralph Wiley cover the USFL championship game. It was Lieber's second title game in six months, the other having been Super Bowl XVII in January. She spent last summer working on *The First College & Pro Football Spectacular* edition of SI and in the fall she became immersed in the college season. This week she is back in New York working on the second football spectacular.

She prefers it that way. Lieber, who grew up 40 miles from Green Bay, in Neenah, Wis., was weaned on the Packers. Sitting through the Pack's games with her father could get dull, to say the least, so when it was time for college, Lieber chose warmer climes; she matriculated at Stanford, with the secret desire to play quarterback in the Cardinals' offense.

As a freshman she had to settle for intramural football while she continued her music studies—she has played the violin since age nine. She was concertmaster of her high school orchestra, and in 1974 won the National High School Orchestra Award. But at the end of that first year a friend dared her to host a noon radio sports show on the campus station, KZSU, and, as she says, "There went my plan to play in a

major symphony orchestra." Lieber switched to a communications major and two years later was co-sports editor of *The Stanford Daily*. She even took a course taught by Coach Bill Walsh in the phys ed department, and got an A+ in Theory and Technique of Football. More pragmatically, Writer-Reporter Brooks Clark says, "She doesn't throw a football like a girl."

After school Lieber returned home to work as a weekly columnist and feature writer for the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, covering pro and college teams and the Winter Olympics in Lake Placid. She also made *Best Sports Stories 1979* for an article based on her report from the Chicago Bears' locker room: "It was zero degrees in there," she says, "and all these guys were running around in their raincoats."

It was three years later, in August 1981, that she joined the SI staff. Once in New York, Lieber turned into an inveterate taxicab fan, riding four blocks rather than hoofing it at night, and she took to the other aspects of the city with equal enthusiasm. No one was ever more excited to pass Woody Allen on Sixth Avenue, and she was the first person on our staff to get on the mailing list of Heartbreak, currently the city's dancing hot spot.

Last February Lieber was in another hot spot—Florida—having a look at USFL teams. "I was amazed by the Boston Breakers," she says. "I'd never seen a pro team practice for what seemed like 20 minutes and then head to the ice chest for a beer. They played golf on Saturdays." She renamed them the Boston Chaise Lounges.

Well, things aren't always as they seem: Boston finished one game out of the playoffs. And the USFL learned its own lesson last week. All season the league had been sending mail addressed to Jim Lieber. "Then Jim showed up at the pregame black-tie dinner in a cocktail dress with a slit up the side," Jill Lieber says with satisfaction.

Robert L. Miller

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Bear is gone? Can Notre Dame rebound? You'll get in-depth coverage of the Big 10, the SEC, the PAC 10, the ACC, the SWC, the Big Eight and all the rest—including reports on the top contenders among Divisions IA, II and III.

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1983 COLLEGE AND PRO FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR

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COPING, FITFULLY, WITH THE SPORTS WORLD'S GROWING CASE LOAD

The current wave of off-the-field wrong-doing by athletes has sports officials in a quandary. They reject the approach of many American corporations, which generally leave the imposition of punishment for away-from-the-office employee misbehavior to law-enforcement authorities. What makes their own situation different, sports officials say, is that they operate in a fishbowl in which misconduct by athletes can lead to public relations problems or scandals involving things like fixed games. Besides, the fans want action. "We're in the public eye," NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle said last week. "All of the money our sport derives comes from people who buy tickets or watch on TV."

The sports establishment has every right to try to keep its own house in order. League and team officials are plainly free to police activities that directly affect the integrity of sports, such as cheating, excessive violence and gambling by athletes on games. But dealing with other misdeeds is a trickier matter. Sports officials aren't as likely to try to dictate length of players' hair or to silence athletes' political views as they once were, and they've made some effort to approach compulsive drug and alcohol use not only in terms of whether those conditions may imply criminal conduct but also as the illnesses they're recognized to be. At the same time, league officials are still governed by a punishment mentality, even in cases in which the offenses don't have anything to do with sports.

With Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's blessing, the Dodgers three weeks ago levied a \$53,867 fine, the biggest ever for a ballplayer, against Pitcher Steve Howe for resumming cocaine use after having been treated for a drug dependency. That was in line with Kuhn's policy that players with such a condition may undergo treatment once with impunity but face punishment if they later slip up. Rozelle meanwhile was contemplating fines or suspensions for NFL players who've had scrapes with the law. These include Cardinal Linebacker E.J. Junior and Saints Cornerback Greg Stennick, who pleaded guilty and no contest, respectively, to cocaine charges. Five Dallas Cowboys, including Tony Dorsett and Harvey Martin, have been mentioned in connection with federal drug investigations. Four other NFL players have been implicated in drug cases in other ways.

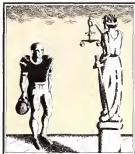
Oddly enough, it isn't clear just what Kuhn and Rozelle expect to accomplish with their disciplinary actions. One avowed objective is to deter wrongdoing by other players, but if existing deterrents, such as the risk of arrest or the danger of impairing performance and cutting short careers, don't keep players off drugs, it's unlikely that fines or sus-

pensions will, either. This is especially true in view of the leagues' confused disciplinary policies, by which they presume to make their own determinations, based on nonmedical considerations, of whether a player is ill. For instance, they generally promise amnesty to drug users who voluntarily come forward for help but threaten to punish those who "get caught." This ignores, of course, that the users could be ill in either case. Furthermore, the gratuitous imposition of punishment only in those cases already dealt with by the police and courts really isn't much of a deterrent.

Then there's Kuhn's edict that drug-dependent ballplayers can be punished if they suffer a relapse. Not only is this likely to discourage some drug users from seeking help, it also amounts to having baseball people arbitrarily determining when an illness ceases to be an illness. Thus, when Howe showed up late for a game last week, pleading "very personal problems," he was first suspended by the club without pay and then reinstated after urinalysis showed him to be "clean." Howe's continued erratic behavior has unquestionably hurt his team, and the Dodgers would have been within their rights to fire him for that reason when he showed up late. Or, if he was suffering emotional problems (whether related to his cocaine dependency or not), they could have put him on the disabled list. Instead, by basing their decision to punish him on urinalysis results, they were persisting in baseball's curious an-illness-sometimes-really-isn't-an-illness approach to such problems.

Another rationale for punishment is that it protects a sport's image. This is where the fishbowl argument comes in. Some off-the-field offenses are so abhorrent to the public that fines and suspensions may well be justified. A case in point is Cowboy Wide Receiver Lance Rentzel's conviction in 1971 for indecent exposure involving a child; Rozelle suspended Rentzel, who'd pleaded guilty to a similar charge in 1966, for nearly a year, an action that withstood a strenuous court challenge. Yet the image of big-time sports may not be quite as fragile as Rozelle and Kuhn seem to suggest. After all, baseball and NFL attendance has remained robust despite the proliferation of drug use by athletes. This doesn't mean that fans approve this illegal activity. It merely reflects the sorry fact that drug use has become so pervasive in American society—particularly in the entertainment world, of which sports is increasingly part—that its prevalence in sports has come to be viewed as inevitable.

In punishing athletes for offensive behavior, sports officials are, in many cases, merely catering to the desire of fans



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that they "do something"—never mind that the actions are likely to be ineffectual. Or worse than ineffectual: Subjecting athletes to penalties ordinary citizens don't face contributes to the myth that those athletes are special characters, a notion, it's generally agreed, that has helped "spoil" the modern athlete and make misbehavior on his part more likely.

Instead of engaging in empty gestures, the sports establishment should try to get the message across that athletes are human beings who must be subject to the same laws as other citizens: They shouldn't receive special favors or special punishment. Unless the integrity of the game is directly affected, illnesses ought to be left to the doctors and crimes to the police. Sports officials should deal in punishment only when it actually accomplishes something. In the meantime,

clubs have every right to get rid of miscreants. Teams will find life quite a bit simpler, however, if they base such actions, as other businesses usually do, on how a player's wrongdoing affects performance.

And what of the fans? In their authoritative book, *The Law of Sports*, Duke law professor John C. Weistart and Indianapolis attorney Cym H. Lowell make the argument that fans can no more expect to be wholly "insulated from unpleasantness" in sports than in other areas of their lives. This applies, incidentally, to young fans, the ones for whom, it's often flatly asserted, athletics serve as role models. But the present epidemic of wrongdoing reminds us only too vividly of the truth of the matter: While some athletes are indeed role models, others most certainly are not.

CHANGING COURSE

The ACC, which has held its conference golf championships at Northgreen Country Club in Rocky Mount, N.C. for the past four years and had planned to do so through 1986, is looking for a new course. Reacting to criticism about the propriety of holding the tournament at a club that discriminates against blacks (SCORECARD, July 4), athletic officials of the ACC schools agreed during a telephone conference call last week that the event should be moved elsewhere. Northgreen then spared the ACC further bother by announcing that it was bowing out as host. Noting that "racial discrimination is a public concern," North Carolina Athletic Director John Swafford said that ACC schools were doing "what is right and just, and what we're supposed to be doing as educational institutions."

SECOND GUESSES

Soviet diver Sergei Shalibashvili, 21, died Saturday in an Edmonton, Alberta hospital a week after suffering head injuries in the platform event at the World University Games. Shalibashvili was attempting a reverse 3½ somersault tuck, a demanding dive that was approved for international competition just last year. It involves lifting oneself away from the platform and then tumbling back toward it to complete the maneuver. Shalibashvili had been having so much trouble clearing the platform in practice that several U.S. and Canadian coaches said he shouldn't have been trying it.

One of them was Bob Rydzyk, the U.S. diving coach at Edmonton. "It's the coach's responsibility to make sure his divers are not attempting dives they're not capable of doing," Rydzyk said. "We knew there was a good chance he was go-

ing to hit. He had been short on the dive all week in practice." As to why he hadn't warned his Soviet counterparts of the danger, Rydzyk said, "It would have been real hard to say anything to the Russian coaches. It would have looked like I was interfering in their business."

In the interest of preventing other such tragedies, Rydzyk has a right to second-guess the U.S.S.R. coaches. But Rydzyk himself is subject to second-guessing for not having risked rebuff from the Soviet coaches by sharing his fears with them. This isn't to cast blame on him for Shalibashvili's death, but only to urge sports officials to speak up about such dangers when they see them, before it's too late.

SWIMMING RINGS AROUND MANHATTAN

When we left Julie Ridge (SI, July 11), she was hoping to become the first person to swim twice nonstop around Manhattan Island. Well, she made it. Ridge, an unemployed actress, took the plunge at 10:15 one evening last week in the East River at 89th Street. The late start was meant to get her through the nighttime portion of the swim when she was strongest. If anything, she was too strong. She breezed up the Harlem River, and then, while stroking down the Hudson, the lights of Manhattan to her left, she asked, "Have I passed 79th Street yet?" She was already down to 34th Street.

Ridge arrived too soon at the Battery, at Manhattan's southern tip. The East River, a tidal strait, was still flowing the wrong way. But as she moved into the current, the Brooklyn Bridge ahead, she saw "the most beautiful sunrise...." When the tide turned, she was so far ahead of schedule that she used the slower breaststroke part of the way back to

89th Street and swam in circles while waiting for the current in the Harlem to turn in her favor. Some New York policemen in two boats pulled alongside Ridge's launch, talked about the "unsafe" waters and threatened to give her a summons. Worried that they might stop the swim, Ridge jumped the adverse tide and stroked on. By the time she reached the Harlem again, it was early afternoon.

Later, as she once more neared the Battery, a tugboat loomed frighteningly near. A reporter-photographer team from the New York Post was aboard. This time Ridge thought, "I'm going to be killed." Her crew waved the tug away, but it came closer. The reporter, in a bathing suit, readied herself for a watery interview. A Ridge crew member shouted, "Do it, and we'll tear your arms off." The reporter stayed aboard.

It was evening now. Ridge was carried up the East River by a powerful tide. But at 89th Street the tugboat carrying the zealous newspaper duo blocked her way. This time Ridge's crew member leaped overboard. He swam to the tug and "splashed a Post photographer, ruining his camera," or so the paper claimed the next day. Minutes later Ridge was being dragged ashore by her crew. Time of the successful swim: just over 21 hours.

"What's next?" someone asked.

"I'd like to run a marathon," she said.

THEY SAID IT

• Mark Moseley, Redskin placekicker, on the importance to him of his Super Bowl ring. "It may end up in the gutter, but if it does, I'll be wearing it."

• Lee Trevino, on the rough at Royal Birkdale, site of the British Open. "At 15 we put down my bag to hunt for a ball. Found the ball, lost the bag." END

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Breaking Clear Of



Sports Illustrated

JULY 25, 1989

The Crowd

Playing perfectly under pressure, Tom Watson shook himself loose from an army of challengers to win his fifth British Open

by DAN JENKINS

CONTINUED

Ten Watson keeps thinking up different ways to win the British Open. Last Sunday, on the rowdy Lancashire coast of England, he did it for the fifth time by waiting until almost the last minute and then playing what may have been the single best hole of his trophy-littered life. At that juncture Watson faced Royal Birkdale's toughest hole, the 18th, a 473-yard par 4 that looked as if it stretched from a towering sandhill to the Entebbe air terminal. Near that faraway green Hale Irwin, who had whiffed a two-inch putt the day before, was waiting with Andy Bean, the two of them were resting their hopes for an 18-hole Monday playoff on Watson stumbling to a bogey right here. They were in, Watson was out, and a lot of real estate lay between them and him. But, ho-hum, this was the British Open, the championship that simply brings out the best in Watson. The only thing he was going to whiff was a pork pie, maybe.

Even though he'd gone a full year since his 1982 British Open victory without winning, Watson is still the sport's premier shot-maker, and when he had to, he proved it. He smashed a 260-yard drive that literally split the heart of the fairway. He had 213 yards to the stadium-like green, grandstands to the sides, funny white clubhouse behind, and that's when he struck what he described as "the best two-iron of my life." The ball ate up the flag all the way and came to rest only 15 feet from the cup. A blind man could have two-putted for the victory, and Watson coolly did just that, knowing he had put them all away with that exemplary drive and perfect two-iron.

Watson's winning tap-in was about seven inches long, five inches longer than the one Irwin had carelessly missed on the 14th green on Saturday. That whiff would have been inconsequential had Irwin not fired a closing 67 Sunday, just as his playing part-

ner Bean had done. Those scores got them to the clubhouse tied at 276, eight under par, and forced Watson to submit his swing and his grit to the most intense pressure there is in golf—needing par on the final hole of a major to win by a stroke.

"When you're playing well, it's easier to do the thing you have to do to win," Watson said. "I'd played well all week. I thought I could win Sunday unless somebody pulled a Larry Nelson on me."

Nelson had run the table at Oakmont last month to nip Watson in the U.S. Open, and for much of Royal Birkdale's last round Watson must have thought the United Nations was after him. Among the day's challengers were Great Britain's Nick Faldo, who had been a hero all

week, Australia's early-finishing Graham Marsh, who started 2½ hours ahead of the leaders and dashed home with a seven-under 64 identical to the record-breaking score Craig Stadler had had in Thursday's opening round; America's Raymond Floyd, who can't seem to put together a good fourth round in the majors this year; Texas' Lee Trevino, a re-born celebrity throughout the Open; Harold Henning, a long-forgotten 48-year-old South African who came out of nowhere, and, finally, Bean and Irwin. In all, eight players held or shared the lead over the final 18 holes, and at least a half dozen others always seemed to be within a stroke or two.

"I was on the front nine when Marsh finished," Watson said. "A breeze had come up, and I thought his seven-under had a good chance to win. I knew what Andy and Hale were doing



By week's end, nearly everyone

You don't start thinking about what other players might do until the last nine holes in a major. I knew there were birdie holes back there, though, and I would get to them eventually."

Indeed, he did get there, but, as it happened, he birdied two of the non-birdie holes, the 11th and 16th, along with the predictable par-five 13th, to streak homeward in three-under 34 for his closing 70 and winning total of 275. That was nine-under on what had been advertised as a tough course, but which played rather tamely because of overwatered greens that held iron shots and putted slowly, and the conspicuous absence of a vicious British Open wind. Only by failing to birdie the gimme 17th, a par-five, did Watson set himself up for that golf-lesson finish on the rugged 18th.

Watson won his first British at Carnoustie back in 1975, in a playoff against Australia's Jack Newton. He next won at

Turnberry in 1977 in a gutty head-to-head duel with Jack Nicklaus. Watson set the 72-hole Open record of 268 in that tournament. The third time, in 1980, he enjoyed one of those coast-ins when he buried the field at Muirfield, shooting 271, the second-lowest winning total. Last year he backed in at Troon after first Bobby Clampett and then Nicky Price collapsed. And this time he did it by letting his enormous talent guide him through a confusing maze of contenders and by pulling off glorious shots just when he needed them. At the end, his score was the third-lowest winning total ever.

This fifth British Open win in nine years, along with his 1977 and '81 Masters and '82 U.S. Open victories, gives Watson eight major titles. He was already the only man in the 112-year his-

tory of the British championship to have won on four different Scottish courses, and now he's the first to have won on five different courses, period. By winning in England, he joined 11 others who have won in both Scotland and England, a list that includes Arnold Palmer as well as Harry Vardon. But it is the fifth championship that puts Watson in the most elite and historic company, for only Vardon—who won six—J.H. Taylor, James Braid



had grappled with the tall grass, including Stadler (left), Trevino (right) and Watson.



and Peter Thomson have won as many as five, and, except for Thomson, all competed before World War I. Not even Old Tom Morris or the legendary Young Tom Morris won the championship five times.

All those ghosts were with Watson as he came up the 18th fairway, with the mob bolting in all directions and the thousands of adoring fans perched in the

continued

bleachers that gave the finishing holes of British Opens the look of a Liverpool-Manchester United football match.

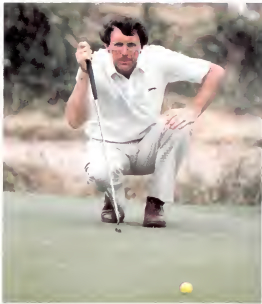
Irwin was by then a more significant runner-up than Bean because of Hale's hasty putting on Saturday. En route to a third-round 72, which left him four strokes off Watson's pace of eight-under, Irwin hit what the British call an "air shot." He recklessly stabbed at a two-inch putt for par at the 14th after missing a splendid birdie chance. His first stab missed the ball, and Irwin called the stroke on himself. "The rule says something about intent when you do that," Irwin said. "I intended to hit it." It was a backhanded stab with both hands on the grip of the putter. He jerked up too quickly. Good lesson. Never backhand a putt with two hands, one hand is much safer.

Not that last week's British Open should be remembered only for Watson's overwhelming talent or Irwin's costly whiff. In the opening round, Bill Rogers, who won the title in 1981, hit a spectacular one-iron from the fairway of the 526-yard, par-5 17th and watched the ball sail more than 200 yards and then roll directly into the hole, for a two. That "albatross," or double eagle, was not only the first of Rogers' career, but the first he'd ever witnessed, and the first in the Open in 11 years.

The next day, Denis Durnan, an English club pro, went out in a showy 28, six under par for the front side, a tournament record. He came in a bit less gaudily, with a one-over-par 38, but managed to tie for eighth place, with Christy O'Connor Jr., Faldo and Rogers, at 280.

Until the last round, Faldo had raised high hopes among the fans of becoming the first British player to win his championship since Tony Jacklin in 1969. But in the end he fell away, and the fickle press immediately dubbed him Foldo.

And then there was the heat. British Opens are supposed to be chilling, windy and wet. This one was hot, dry, dusty and oppressive. Royal Birkdale and everything surrounding it was a furnace from start to near finish, especially inside the merchandising and hospitality tents, which are so much a part of the event and usually offer shelter from the cold. On a map, the Irish Sea is close to Birkdale, but last week the sea was only a distant shimmer, and the thousands of sunbathers who sat idly each day and stared off at



Irwin's concentration, evident as he lined up this putt, evaporated on a mere two-incher.

the miles of muddy beach were the oddest sight of all.

The thing about heat in England is that there's no escaping it. At Birkdale, the closest air-conditioning was the book department at Harrods in London, four hours away on the M6, and ice cubes became rarer than fine antiques. No place was hotter than the creaking old Prince of Wales Hotel in nearby Southport, where most of the American stars were quartered along with those Royal and Ancient members who had a "fix" in. Like everything else on the Lancashire coast, the Prince of Wales has seen better days—Victoria's, for instance—but it's considered to be the best of a bad lot.

Keith Mackenzie, the outgoing secretary of the R&A, however, had assured the Americans that they, along with himself, would be bathed in luxury, whereupon a temperature higher than 90 with no breeze whatsoever greeted the Watsons, Stadlers, Floyds and others when they arrived. They found that most of the hotel's windows were either painted or nailed shut. Linda Watson, Tom's industrious wife, quickly leaped to the rescue. She went out and bought every electric fan

she saw for sale in Southport, nine in all, and divided them among several American pros and their wives on a friendship or whimpering-plea basis. Stadler received the largest fan, two feet in diameter, and steadfastly refused to move from in front of it when he wasn't on the golf course.

Royal Birkdale is very close to another British Open course, Royal Lytham in Blackpool, though Lord knows what makes either of them royal. The least favorite venues of well-traveled Americans and fashionable Brits, the courses are located in a football pocket near Liverpool and Manchester, and they're closer in character to the raucous football world than to the Lake District poets or the moors and dales of the Brontë sisters. Thus the crowds at Royal Birkdale were not only the largest in British Open history—more than 140,000 dripped sweat on the links land for the four days—but they were also the drunkest and loudest and, as it happened, the most vandalistic.

Between the second and third rounds, the sixth green was dug up and scarred with paint in the dead of night. The Free Dennis Kelly Campaign was blamed

Dennis Kelly is a convicted murderer from Liverpool. The green was repaired in time for play, but the R&A didn't want it shown on the BBC, although photographs of it in its ruined state appeared in the newspapers, a decision that exposed the R&A's true belief that golf fans don't read. The vandals responsible had been wise not to mutilate Birkdale's sixth green before Wednesday. That was the day Parliament voted not to restore capital punishment. The M.P.s no doubt would have been more inclined to bring back hanging if they'd been confronted with the disruption of a major golf championship.

Meanwhile, Stadler wanted to hang the British press. After his record-breaking seven-under 64 in the opening round, big black headlines in two London tabloids hailed Stadler as *superslob*, a comment on his beefy build. He didn't see the papers until after he had completed his second-round 70, which found him still in the lead, not by the three strokes that he was ahead of Watson and Rogers and Bernhard Langer of West Germany after Thursday, but still by a stroke over Watson and Trevino, 134 to 135. Watson had added a calm 68 to his equally calm opening-day 67.

"Jesus," Stadler said with disgust after

some journalists showed him the headlines in the *Daily Mail* and *Mirror*. He mouthed other words.

Two employees of the *Daily Mail* were quizzed by an American writer as to why they had seen fit to describe Stadler so despicably. "I feel I've read the term in American papers," said Michael McDonnell, who had used the description in his story. "I can't actually claim credit for originality."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Ian Wooldridge, a columnist for the *Daily Mail*. "There's trouble in the Colonies about this? Does that mean it's not a flattering term?"

Then, after saying what he would like to do with a roasting putter to the British journalists responsible for the tasteless insult, Stadler managed a grin. "Guess I'll take the papers home and frame them," he said.

In the end, that was all there was left for him to do, since he finished the championship with seuffing rounds of 72 and 75, winding up in a tie for 12th. A tournament that had been his as much as anyone's for three days started slipping away immediately on Sunday, when he bogeyed five of the first seven holes.

Trevino also made news all week, right up to the last two holes when he faltered in the scrub. Until then he had looked as if he might tie or even pull off a miracle and win his first major in nine years, on the course where he'd won the first of his two British Opens. He showed up with a girl friend, Claudia Il, having divorced Claudia I last fall. "I didn't want to have to change the name on the tow-



Stadler left matters of sartorial splendor to his caddy.

els," Trevino explained. He was exhilarated from winning the Canadian PGA a week earlier, feeling good, showing off for his 26-year-old companion and doing a refreshingly new comedy routine.

"I'm a serious contender this week," Trevino said before the championship began. "How can they beat me? I've been struck by lightning, had two back operations and been divorced twice."

Trevino was among those seemingly dozens of challengers who were in, out, near, tied for or flirting with the lead over the last nine holes when Royal Birkdale took on the look of an international demolition derby before Watson, always running on the inside lane, enjoyed his stroll among the historical figures and the scurrying hordes.

He may have been hastened along by the breeze of Irwin's whiff from the day before. With Watson's ball safely on the last green for an easy four, Hale, watching intently in a nearby tent, said graciously, "If he doesn't two-putt this, I'll kill him."

Hopes for a British victory were raised and then dashed by Faldo.



The Panthers Are No.1, Thanks To No.1

Only 3:11 remained in the first USFL Championship Game at Denver's Mile High Stadium last Sunday when Anthony Carter, the Michigan Panthers' wide receiver and No. 1 engine, loped out of the Michigan huddle and along the Philadelphia Stars' 48-yard line. When he reached a spot 10 yards from the sideline, he stopped, shifted all 162 of his pounds off his injured left foot and leisurely assumed a scissored stance. "I had hurt my ankle on a catch in the third quarter," he said later. "Bent the foot back."

At this point, the Panthers led the Stars by 17-14, which was not by as much as they should have, considering how Michigan had dominated most of the action. And Philadelphia was charging. The Stars had scored 11 fourth-quarter points, and Philly Free Safety Mike Lush had just stove in a Panther trap,

Anthony Carter made the big play as Michigan won the first USFL title
by RALPH WILEY

planting a shot on Running Back Ken Lacy that put Lacy out of the game. Carter had already blown some opportunities to make Michigan's task easier, dropping three passes and bobbling two punts to ruin his chances for runbacks. He later

admitted to having been unnerved by this "big" game, which wasn't so big that it couldn't be overshadowed in Denver by the arrival in training camp of a single NFL player, new Bronco Quarterback John Elway. "I was uptight," Carter said. "I wasn't like me." Yet, despite his glitches, he was having a good game. He had already caught eight Bobby Hebert passes for 131 yards. But he was still one very big play short of a great game. Ten seconds later, he was not.

"Bobby just told me to make sure I took the cornerback deep, so I made sure I did," said Carter of the 48-yard touchdown play that gave Michigan a 24-14 lead and, in effect, the USFL championship. The play was an audible, one anticipated so early that Hebert had mentioned it in the huddle. "We caught them in a blitz we expected," said Hebert. "I knew they'd try to disguise it. Lush came too



Hebert went to the air 39 times for 314 yards and all three of the Panthers' TDs.

late. And A.C. just... wow!" The play was split right A44 pass corner 2, a quick sideline throw to Carter. He gave Cornerback Antonio Gibson a daring inside feint and then broke out to receive Hebert's bullet.

Gibson closed on Carter's outside shoulder, protecting the sideline. Stars Strong Safety Scott Woerner read the play and came over to lend a hand. But Carter circled inside Gibson and sliced like a fish by Woerner, who was having a long day. As he reacted to Carter's cutback, Woerner felt his left knee hyperextended when his cleats held too firmly. He fell backward, rendered helpless by Carter's move. "I saw it then," said Carter. "I had gotten over the drops. I knew they were looking for me on the big play, and it had finally happened." While fellow Wide Receiver Derek Holloway, who had caught passes for Michigan's two



earlier TDs, blocked Philadelphia Cornerback Jonathan Sutton, Carter's afterburner lucked in and he flew to the end zone, untouched. "You know, I think I should have kept that ball," said Carter, "but I threw it into the stands."

Some of the 50,906 people in the stands, in a sense, threw themselves back at Carter. As time was running out, the fans swarmed onto the field. They retreated while Philadelphia scored a meaningless touchdown and two-point conversion to make the final score 24-22, but then poured back. Mace was sprayed at the crowd that was trying to take down the goalposts, and nearly 100 of Denver's finest moved in to restore order. Seventeen people were arrested, a couple of them well-oiled Michigan backers. One woman suffered a two-inch gash on her forehead, and at least two people were handcuffed. Their names weren't Carter or Holloway, however. As far as Philly's secondary is concerned, those two are still at large.

Philadelphia had come into the game needing to control the ball and keep it

away from the high-powered Michigan offense. Think of the Panthers as the vintage Pittsburgh Steelers—oh, all right, miniature Steelers, perhaps, but dominant in their world—led by Hebert, who would complete 20 of 39 passes for 314 yards and three touchdowns and win the game's MVP award, Carter, Holloway, proficient tight ends and backs and the cleverest offensive linemen in the league. "We blitzed to take the trap away," said Lush. "We worried most about that. I played like a middle linebacker most of the time. Of course, you give away some things when you play that way."

What you give up is double coverage on the wide receivers, a luxury the Stars felt they could not afford. The Panther line was anchored by three former Steelers: Right Tackle Ray Pinney, and guards Thom Dornbrook and Tyrone McGriff. "We do a lot of pulling because we do a good job at it," said Pinney, 29. "The coaches put some things in when Tyrone and Thom and I came here around mid-season. I'd say this offense is very similar to what we used to run at Pittsburgh."

"Primarily, the trap is the basis of our running game," Michigan Coach Jim Stanley conceded, "but it also reduces pressure on our passer."

This suited Hebert. The only thing that Terry Bradshaw has on him is age, rep and size of target. Hebert burned Woerner with a 37-yard strike down the middle to Tight End Mike Cobb late in the first quarter, setting up a 33-yard Nimo Bojovic field goal and a 3-0 lead. Woerner had faked a blitz and had his back to the play, racing to get into the

continued



Carter left Philly's defenders in his wake all evening long.

coverage, when the ball was snapped.

Meanwhile, the Panthers' line was busying itself freeing Cleo Miller, the 30-year-old former Cleveland Brown, for unlikely gains. Miller, who was subbing for an injured John Williams (bruised toe), rushed for 80 yards in 12 carries, 6.7 per try.

Michigan took a 10-3 lead with 2:11 left before halftime. Carter had caught a third-and-20 sideline throw at the Michigan 37 with his toes snug against the left boundary stripe. "He was definitely out of bounds," Lush grumbled later. "The ref told me, 'I'm sorry. I didn't see it.'" Carter was definitely in bounds when he caught a third-and-10 pass for 13 yards to the Stars' 12. When he went in motion right on the next play, the Stars' secondary came with him. Holloway, moving left, slipped behind Woerner and could have posed for a portrait as he waited for Hebert's TD throw. "Pound for pound, Holloway might be the best football player in America," Stanley said afterward of the 5' 7½", 166-pounder from Arkansas. Panther Strong Safety David Greenwood added, "A.C. is the fastest player on the team, unless Holloway has something to say about it."



Greenwood himself had plenty of say during the week of preparation. An All-Big Ten safety at Wisconsin and the conference's outdoor high jump champion, Greenwood had been the lone sure-

fire defensive back signed early by the USFL. In addition to doing the punting duties—he had a 45.8 average on Sunday—Greenwood anchored the USFL's best secondary, which also included Safety John Arnaud and NFL veteran cornerbacks Clarence Chapman (New Orleans) and Oliver Davis (Cleveland). Greenwood himself covered his assignments tightly and hit people like a falling tree. Oakland Coach John Rabston had given him credit for the key play in the Panthers' 37-21 semifinal victory over the Invaders the week before; Greenwood had pelted Receiver Wyatt Henderson over the middle, the ball popping free for an interception. He's good enough to star in the NFL right now, and it seems he would like to do so, posthaste. Or maybe he wouldn't.

Greenwood was quoted during the week leading up to the title game as saying he'd like to play soon for the Saints, the NFL team that drafted him in the eighth round. Panther owner A. Alfred Taubman then said the quote was taken out of context. "I talked to David and there was nothing to it," Taubman said. "He said he was only kidding around and that he's learned a lesson. He was well aware that he has a contract here for three years. There are loopholes in any contract, but I don't think, even if there were any, David would escape." Greenwood said, "I had mentioned that if it were possible and the money right, I'd play anywhere. My agent (Greg Campbell) brought it up, and I trust him. This is a business. If I go belly up, I can always go back north and live off the land."

Michigan drove boldly to start the second half. Carter caught two more third-down passes, the second on a 13-yard Hebert heater that zipped past the four Stars surrounding Carter and put the ball on the Philly 14. "We had to play a guessing game," said Lush. On third down, the Stars guessed Carter and blitzed with Lush. Stanley had snuffed it out, and Hebert's audible was prearranged. Holloway ran a quick post from left to right and cradled his second touchdown throw. Michigan led 17-3 with 7:49 left in the third quarter, and the clock was threatening to take Kelvin Bryant, the



Holloway's second scoring catch gave the Panthers a two-TD lead.



Corker (57) had a big hand in frustrating Fusina's well-laid plans.

league's MVP and its most gifted running back, out of Philadelphia's game plan. Tough, because Bryant usually is the Stars' game plan.

Irv Eatman, Philly's 280-pound right tackle, had said, "The Panthers don't have that good a defensive team. Their linebackers play five yards off the line, 12 yards away from Kelvin. No way they can do that. He'll get over 100 yards and we'll win, no doubt."

Bryant had 42 yards on nine first-half carries. He took a pitch on the first play from scrimmage following Michigan's second touchdown, swept right, saw nothing and reversed field, churning around left end to turn a disaster into a 22-yard

gain. Two Fitzkee catches and a Greenwood personal foul set up David Trout for a 34-yard field goal, which he missed. Undaunted, Bryant keyed the assault again, gaining 14 yards over Eatman on the first play of Philly's next possession. Wide Receiver Rodney Parker split Arnaud and Chapman and gathered in Harvin's fluttering prayer of a halfback pass for 42 yards to Michigan's 22. Eatman pounded on the ear holes of Bryant's helmet after the back ripped off 12 more—he would finish with 89 yards on 13 carries—to the eight. Bryant was rested during the next two plays, a costly respite as the Stars netted a scant three yards. The teams changed ends to begin the fourth quarter, and Bryant reentered the game for third and goal from the five.

Quarterback Chuck Fusina stuck the ball in Bryant's stomach as he headed right. Everyone followed except Fusina, who had kept the ball on a naked bootleg, and Linebacker John Corker, the league's Defensive Player of the Year. Corker pulled Fusina down, the Stars settled for a field goal, and Michigan still had breathing room at 17-6. Corker didn't make many tackles, but he made big ones. He had two sacks of Fusina.

After a Lush interception, the Stars inched to the Michigan 31, where they faced fourth-and-three. Wide Receiver Willie Collier made a courageous catch over the middle at the Michigan 24 and

had to be carried off the field. Two plays later Collier was back, airborne and horizontal as he gathered in Fusina's 21-yard touchdown throw. It was 17-14 after Collier caught a two-point conversion pass off a Fusina roll-out. The Stars had come back from 21 down in the fourth period to beat Chicago in the semis and had come from behind to beat Michigan 29-20 in the regular season. Was this *Rocky III*? "This isn't the same Michigan team they played then," Lacy said.

Behind Dornbrook's blocks and Miller's carries, Michigan used up some

mood any longer. Dornbrook, pulling left, led Miller for six yards and Lacy for nine. Lush began to creep up. He dinged Lacy. Hebert now knew the audible option was available.

"The idea was to keep Carter from going deep," said Sutton. "Our philosophy in the game was to let them catch the short ones." The Stars executed the philosophy but not the tackle, and Carter flew into a bit of history.

"When I saw Anthony break," said Holloway later in the crowded dressing room, "I knew I just had to wave at Sut-



Carter was a pill to Stars defensive backs, who found his game-winner tough to swallow.

time, making a first down before Greenwood punted a knuckleball. Woerner, who had blocked a 58-yard Bojovic field-goal try with :26 left in the first half, raced up to field it but let it bounce and then watched as the ball rolled 20 yards to the Philadelphia five. Woerner dropped his helmet in disgust.

On third-and-four from his own 11, Fusina sent Collier short and over the middle. Fusina, harried, threw the ball into the ground at Collier's feet. Later Fusina said, "Maybe I thought he'd take it shallower. Maybe it was a bad throw. I wish I had it back, that one play."

Michigan wasn't in a philanthropic

ton. He wasn't going to catch him. That Anthony, he's my man."

Carter was by now dressed in his Michigan—as in Wolverines—T shirt, jeans and visor, and was standing impatiently with his wife, Ortencia, while waiting for the police to clear a way through the milling crowd. He had places to go, back to Detroit for two days, and then on to his home in Riviera Beach, Fla. for the summer. He'll return to Ann Arbor in the fall—he's 18 hours short of an education degree. "Can I get a cop?" Carter said, scissoring his pelican legs. "I'm scared." His was definitely not a fear of flying.

END



Twenty-four years after this dazzling punt return secured the Heisman for him, Cannon faces a jail sentence and a hefty fine.

In A Rush To Make A Big Gain

Billy Cannon, the 1959 Heisman Trophy winner while at LSU, subsequent pro star and Louisiana's No. 1 resident legend by far, had just ducked furtively into a waiting car parked behind the Federal courthouse in Baton Rouge last Friday. Moments before, Cannon, 45, had pleaded guilty to participating in a counterfeiting scam that ranks among the biggest ever uncovered in the U.S. — at least \$6 million in \$100 bills.

As the white Lincoln, driven by Can-

non's old friend, Ray Termini, started to race away, its path was blocked by a flat-bed truck. Finally, Termini was able to slip around and speed off. Cannon, who was sitting in the front seat, looked over and said, "Ray, as a getaway driver, you get an F." In the back seat, Cannon's

attorney, Robert L. (Buck) Kleinpeter; Kleinpeter's son, Loren, also a lawyer; and Billy Cannon Jr., a safety and linebacker at Texas A&M, at last allowed themselves a small laugh.

Indeed, until July 9 it had seemed that Cannon, an orthodontist whose practice grossed more than \$300,000 a year and whose performances on the football field are the bedrock of LSU's enormous gridiron tradition, had lived a life that graded A+: married to his high school sweet-

attorney, Robert L. (Buck) Kleinpeter; Kleinpeter's son, Loren, also a lawyer; and Billy Cannon Jr., a safety and linebacker at Texas A&M, at last allowed themselves a small laugh.



heart, father of five brainy children, successful in his profession and in real-estate investing, idolized beyond belief. "This is the goofiest thing I've ever seen happen," says John B. Oggero of Houston, another old pal of Cannon's. "Something has caused this man to go bananas. It's like there have been two Billy Cannons—the real one and the bad one."

True. Often he's the warm, wry and whimsical man who told Buck Klempeter the other day, "Did you know you can tell it's a phony \$100 bill if Ben Franklin has braces on his teeth?" Periodically, though, Cannon evidences a baffling dark side. On the whole, however, that part of him has been variously denied, excused or ignored because of his accomplishments during those glorious years at LSU.

In 1958 Cannon led the Tigers to an 11-0 record and the national championship, the only one in the school's history. The following season, against Ole Miss, Cannon won the game with a celebrated 89-yard punt return in the fourth quarter. To make the runback he had to break Coach Paul Dietzel's firm rule against

fielding a punt inside the 15. Cannon hauled in the ball at the 11, took three steps, cut left and then ran past, over and through seven defenders who had clean shots at him. Every year, during the week of the LSU-Ole Miss game, that run is shown incessantly on TV throughout Louisiana. It still sends chills up the spines of the Tiger faithful.

Maybe, goes one theory, that one run—without it Cannon never would have won the Heisman—ultimately made him too big a hero, and coping with the adulation eventually became too much for him. "The problem is us, the fans," says Oggero. "We demanded too much of him." Don (Scooter) Purvis, who played behind Cannon for four years at LSU, says, "I wonder if Billy realized what he was and what he had."

For the last two to three years, which turn out to be the period in which Cannon was involved in counterfeiting, his friends had been worried about his erratic behavior. Says Oggero, "The rest of us would be together and say, 'Now why's he acting weird? Why is he this-a-way with us?'" Cannon stopped returning phone calls. He'd fly off the handle or stare into space. Termini asked him recently why he was so uptight, and Cannon replied, "I've got some problems, but they can be worked out."

To be sure, Cannon has a long history of unsavory behavior. He grew up in the tough North Baton Rouge section. His father was a janitor. Cannon attended Istrouma High, where all the kids from blue-collar families went. In the 1955 yearbook the picture of the basketball team shows Cannon smiling apologetically while unobtrusively rendering a crude hand gesture. For weekend sport, says former Istrouma High Principal Ellis (Little Fuzzy) Brown, some of the guys would go downtown "and slap the queers around." On June 11, 1955 Cannon and three buddies went down to the corner of Laurel and Third streets. A man made a proposition, and, says Brown, the man and Cannon went to the man's apartment, where Cannon worked his over. The man, according to young Billy's story then, asked what he could do to keep the situation quiet and offered Cannon a bottle of liquor. However, the man later charged Cannon and one of Cannon's

friends with stealing the liquor (\$11.95), and both pleaded guilty. They received suspended sentences of 90 days and were put on probation.

Shortly thereafter, a repentant Cannon appeared before the congregation at the Istrouma Baptist Church and said, "I know I made a mistake. Have faith in me. I will make good, you'll be proud of me, and you'll never be disappointed." Says Clark Ross, Billy's old Sunday school teacher, of the adult Cannon, "I'm shocked. Human nature is most unpredictable. I guess he got his priorities mixed up."

Another unusual situation developed during Cannon's senior season at LSU when, though his team still would play in the Sugar Bowl, he secretly signed a contract with the Los Angeles Rams. To get him, Pete Rozelle, who was general manager of the Rams at the time, spirited Cannon away to Philadelphia, hid him under the name of Billy Gunn and signed him in late November to a three-year deal worth \$50,000. But under the goalposts at the Sugar Bowl on Jan. 1, 1960, Cannon signed another contract, this one with the Houston Oilers of the new AFL. That deal was worth \$100,000—an astounding figure at the time—and included promises of gas stations that would sell Cannonball Regular. A lawsuit ensued, which the Oilers won. The judge ruled that Rozelle had taken advantage of a "provincial lad untutored . . . in the ways of the business world."

Cannon went on to help Houston win two league titles, and he led the AFL in rushing in 1961 with 948 yards. A back injury and dissatisfaction with the Oilers got him traded in 1964 to Oakland, where he was switched to tight end. In 1970 the Raiders released him, and he joined Kansas City. Cannon played one year there before retiring, having twice been named All-AFL.

Unlike many pro athletes, Cannon had prepared for life after his playing days. He studied dentistry at LSU in his off-seasons, and according to Dr. John P. Harbour, who is purchasing Cannon's practice, Cannon has become "a heck of an orthodontist." All along, though, some of the people Cannon chose as friends raised eyebrows. Among them is Edward Grady Partin, a former business

continued

manager of Teamsters Local No. 5 who's doing time for obstructing justice. Cannon was employed by the Teamsters during high school and maintains close ties with Patsin. In the late '70s Cannon even served as president of a Teamster-affiliated union that was being established in the local Department of Public Works. Another buddy was former State Agriculture Commissioner Gil Dozier, who's now serving an 18-year sentence for racketeering and extortion.

"Billy's a lousy judge of character," says Oggero. "That's his big weakness." Adds Jack Fiver, who is writing a history of LSU. "He seemed to associate with people who had a peculiarly low ethical threshold. But on the other hand, we don't expect anyone to fill a job honestly around here. The Protestant work ethic has worn out. Things that shock other people don't shock us much."

Cannon displayed questionable ethics again in 1980 when he sent a telegram to all 26 big-league baseball teams telling them not to draft Billy Jr., a line prospect at shortstop, because Billy had decided to go to college. Subsequently, the Yankees, who were apparently told by Cannon that Billy might play pro baseball right away, drafted him. New York was set to

sign him when Commissioner Bowie Kuhn said no, on the grounds that other clubs properly felt they had been misled. Cannon reportedly was pushing for a \$350,000 signing bonus for Billy.

Records of the 19th Judicial District Court of the Parish of East Baton Rouge show Cannon has been a party to at least 38 civil lawsuits over the years. On May 20, for instance, a judgment was handed down against him for failing to pay a \$137,803.17 debt on a condominium. On April 22 he was ordered to pay \$87,880.80 on a loan he took to buy a Mack truck. Oggero insists many of the suits, including these two, were cases in which Cannon co-signed notes for others and that the property wasn't even his.

Finally, he has had a falling-out with LSU. He was famous with former Athletic Director Carl Maddox over the location of his six seats at Tiger Stadium. They're on the 50-yard line, but on the east side—the visitors' side—and Cannon wants to be on the LSU side. More recently, Cannon thought a lot of local folks were mad at him because Billy Jr. enrolled at Texas A&M instead of LSU. "That's not true at all," says one Tiger football source. "It was a relief in a way because we knew Billy would be on our

ass all the time, second-guessing us."

None of these incidents, however, explains why Cannon became a counterfeiter. His friends insist he wasn't motivated by greed. Hardly a high liver, he considers boiling crawfish at home with Dorothy, his wife of 27 years, a big night. Desperation evidently didn't drive him, either, say his friends. Among Cannon's property holdings is a 20-acre lot—on which most of the counterfeit loot was found—that's worth more than \$1 million. He owns a small shopping center valued at \$500,000. He's one-fourth owner of 47 prime acres near his home; his share is worth at least \$1.5 million. His cut of a Houston office building comes to \$200,000. Cannon owes very little on any of these investments. Friends agree that if Cannon had to pay off all his debts right now, he would be left with a net worth of \$2 to \$3 million. In short, there doesn't seem to be any concrete explanation of Cannon the counterfeiter.

According to Assistant U.S. Attorney Rand Miller, Cannon met with a neighbor, John Stiglets, a convicted counterfeiter, in January 1980 to discuss a counterfeiting scheme. Six months later Cannon gave Stiglets \$15,000 to buy a printing press to get started. The work on the bills—the plates were quite good, says Miller, but the quality of the paper was poor—was done in a warehouse in Cleburne, Texas. On April Fools' Day 1981, Stiglets delivered approximately \$1 million in counterfeit \$100 bills to Cannon, who had them shipped to William Glasscock in Pensacola, Fla. Glasscock, who planned to put the bills into circulation by selling them for a fraction of their face value, is being held on counterfeiting charges in lieu of \$2.5 million bond. By September 1981, Stiglets had sent another \$5 million in bills to Cannon.

Authorities began to unravel the scheme late last year when several of the bogus bills showed up at a Baton Rouge shopping center. An investigation eventually led the Feds to suspect Cannon and others. On July 7 an informant told authorities a big sale was being arranged by two of Cannon's accomplices, Timothy Melancon, a general merchandise broker from Thibodaux, La., and Charles Whitfield, who says he has several businesses, including a hog farm in Florida and shrimp boats. Both men have been charged with conspiracy to possess and deal in phony money. Last Saturday, Me-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA



Klempeter, Billy Jr., and Klempeter's son escorted Cannon (left) from the courtroom

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even a separate ventilation console to serve the rear-seat occupants.

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lancon also was indicted for conspiring to import and distribute 340 pounds of marijuana. Further, said the informant, Melancon had been in touch with Cannon, who had been under 24-hour surveillance for more than a month.

At noon on July 8 Melancon picked up Cannon at Cannon's office and then drove in an erratic, evasive manner to a spot down an unmarked dead-end road off Jones Creek Road on the outskirts of Baton Rouge. There Cannon pointed out where he had buried some of the money. After returning Cannon to his office, Melancon picked up Whitfield, and the pair headed back to the Jones Creek Road lot. Their speed ranged from 30 to 80 mph. They stopped by the side of the road, made some U-turns, went up dead-ends, stopped off at three convenience stores, drove through residential sections. Never did they notice the eight-car tail of law-enforcement officers following them.

"If they saw it on James Bond," says Miller, "they did it." Five times they drove past the road to the lot before taking the turn. After digging up approximately \$2.2 million in counterfeit money, they drove to an office-building parking lot. Melancon left and was soon arrested. Whitfield stayed, tossing two plastic garbage bags with the ersatz loot into a Dempster Dumpster.

Whitfield waited for the purchaser—an undercover agent—to show up, which he did at about 9 p.m. Whitfield thought he could sell about \$2 million, but the buyer said he only wanted \$1.2 million at 20 cents on the dollar, \$240,000. The agent also said he didn't have the cash with him. He then departed, supposedly to get the money, and shortly thereafter Whitfield was taken into custody.

Later that night approximately 10 Secret Service agents and others, including Miller, went to the snake-infested Jones Creek Road lot to dig for more money. They had only two shovels, and they dug for several hours. Finally, Secret Service Agent Mike James called out, "I think I've got something here." He dug down a foot and found two large red Igloo coolers, now empty but believed to have contained the money Melancon and Whitfield had picked up.

About 10:30 a.m. on July 9 Cannon stopped by the lot to show it to a business associate. Four of the lawmen had remained on the property through the night. Cannon asked them what was go-



Cannon buried \$2.2 million in bogus bills under this shed on his Jones Creek Road lot.

ing on, was told they had a search warrant, and left. Cannon, who owns several thoroughbreds, then drove to Jefferson Downs racetrack near New Orleans.

In midafternoon that day one of Cannon's daughters knocked on Buck Klempeter's door and said, "Some men from the Secret Service want to arrest my daddy." Says Klempeter, "I knew the Secret Service deals with two things, protection of the President and counterfeiting, and I knew Billy hadn't been with the President." When he returned home at about 4 p.m., Cannon was arrested. He wanted to plead guilty right away, but Judge Frank J. Polozola told him to think over his decision.

Cannon immediately cooperated with the government, showing officials where an additional \$2 million was buried in two large coolers in the ground next to his office. He drew a map of the area on the Jones Creek Road property where another \$750,000 or so in counterfeit money was buried. Later, an agent returned and said, "Billy, I'm a little embarrassed but even with your map we can't find the money." Replied Cannon with a laugh, "If you can't find the money with a map, maybe I should withdraw my plea." The money was quickly found, the trouble with the map having been that Cannon had omitted a crucial tree from the drawing. Miller says that without Cannon's assistance the only way the buried counterfeit money would ever have been found would have been to "plow up Baton Rouge."

In rapid order, Cannon fingered Stiglets, who pleaded guilty on Friday to two counterfeiting charges, as the printer and Glasscock as a prime purchaser and accomplice. Cannon will testify for the government in related cases and will be sentenced himself later. In return, he'll almost certainly not receive the maximum penalty of five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Nobody knows how much of Cannon's funny money got into circulation. The best guess: \$100,000 to \$200,000.

Several months ago a worried Cannon told Stiglets, "Somebody has mentioned my name to the Secret Service. I think I'm in trouble." Said Stiglets, "You better burn the money." Later, Cannon told Stiglets, "I guess they forgot about me." But Stiglets knew better: "If they ever get your name," he said, "they never forget you. If you did it, you're gone."

Cannon, on advice of his lawyer, won't talk about the case. Meanwhile, Cannon's friends remain at a loss to explain why he committed the crime. "Maybe it's a chemical imbalance," says Oggero. "Maybe somebody was holding a gun to the head of a family member," says Purvis. Friends don't feel, however, that Cannon was involved with drugs or gambling. "I just don't know," says Boots Garland, LSU's longtime track coach, "but I do know he's one of the best SOB's ever made." Termini stares a questioner hard in the eyes and says, "People who know Billy Cannon will never lose faith in him." **END**

When the WBC released its June ratings, it was no surprise that Wilfred Benitez, the three-time world champion who last December lost his junior middleweight title to Thomas Hearns, wasn't among the top 20 middleweights. Benitez had fought but once in that class, against unranked Tony Cerda, and while he had won, his performance had been dismal.

Yet last Saturday on a 101° Las Vegas afternoon in the Dunes Hotel's outdoor stadium, Benitez, his body padded to 157½ pounds, met Mustafa Hamsho, the WBC's No. 1 middleweight contender,



Hamsho Put On Some Kind Of Show

The unanimous decisions: Mustafa Hamsho was the easy winner and Wilfred Benitez is no middleweight **by PAT PUTNAM**

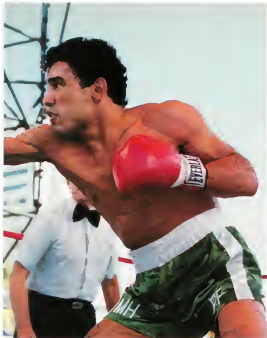
in a 12-round bout billed as a WBC title elimination match. As if Marvelous Marvin Hagler, the undisputed champion, weren't quite capable of eliminating any and all middleweights himself.

It should be noted that one of those

whom Hagler had previously eliminated, by technical knockout, was Hamsho, who lasted 11 rounds in October 1981 before departing to have 54 stitches in his face. But Hamsho had won all four of his fights since then, and probably deserved to be the No. 1 contender of both the WBC and WBA although the WBA, ridiculously enough, ranks him 12th. The middleweight division is like Mrs. Hubbard's cupboard: It's bare. It's so empty, in fact, that

Hagler's next fight—in November—will be against Roberto Duran, the WBA junior middleweight champion, another no-show in the middleweight rankings.

Benitez' sudden emergence as a leading middleweight contender—a status he retained only until he stepped into the ring with Hamsho—was the result of WBC president José Sulaimán's intention to play three-card monte with Hagler's title. Now you see it, now you don't. Sulaimán has announced, "Marvin Hagler apparently has resigned the organization's title."



Just before the fight began (far left), Benitez was dressed to the nines, but Hamsho would strip bare his deficiencies in 12.

Hagler has resigned nothing. The world champion has been mousetrapped by a change in the WBC championship rules, which, since the death of Duk Koo Kim in a lightweight title fight last November with Boom Boom Mancini, now limits title fights to 12 rounds. Because Hagler has chosen to fight 15 rounds, which is still the WBA championship distance, Sulaimin had taken this as an affront to the WBC. Apparently the WBC president considers his no-account organization more important than a highly respected world champion. That brings us to two truths: The fight fan cares about Hagler; and nobody gives a damn about the WBC and its ever-changing regulations.

That, in turn, brings us full circle to Benitez, the 24-year-old former junior welterweight, welterweight and junior middleweight champ. For \$150,000 he agreed to fight Hamsho, with, so the story line went, the winner to fight Hagler—assuming he still has the title. For putting his No. 1 ranking on the line, Hamsho

was given \$250,000. Both camps thought it was found money.

"What have we got to lose?" asked Jimmy Jacobs, Benitez' associate manager, before the fight. "If Wilfred beats Hamsho, then we fight for the middleweight title. If we lose, we'll still be the mandatory challenger to Hearns for the junior middleweight championship."

Al Certo thought Hamsho had an even better deal. Since the sudden death of Paddy Flood on March 28, Certo has been Hamsho's sole manager and trainer. "They are giving us a quarter million for fighting a bum, a myth," he told Hamsho. "You can forget about those three titles, about him being a superstar. That's all media hype. He fought only two good fighters, Sugar Ray Leonard and Hearns, and he lost to both (and lost the welterweight and junior middleweight titles, respectively). He beat Carlos Palomino, but I think Palomino took the day off. It's going to be a piece of cake."

Since his marriage last January to Elizabeth Alonso, Benitez has split with his

father, Gregorio, who had trained him since his first day in the gym, 16½ years ago. When Wilfred and his bride moved from Puerto Rico to New York, Gregorio closed his gym in Puerto Rico, but remained there. The father told the son, "You are married and you are a big man now. You know how to walk in New York City."

Benitez selected Victor Machado as his new trainer. Later, Cus D'Amato, who trained champions Floyd Patterson and José Torres, was brought in as an adviser. Benitez claimed, however, there was nothing the two men could teach him. "No, no, no," he said. "You know, my father showed me how to take care of myself when I am not with him. But my father is taking care of business in Puerto Rico. He's doing good. Someday he'll be in my corner again. Never should a son give his back to his father. I trust my father. I believe in him."

Benitez has always been a brilliant defensive fighter, sometimes at the expense of his offense. D'Amato delicately suggested a few changes that would improve Benitez' attack while taking nothing away from his defense. Benitez would listen intently and nod but...

"See, I know this fellow, Hamsho. He's an aggressive guy," D'Amato said. "He keeps coming, almost on a straight line. Now he can absorb the punches because he sees them coming. Now Benitez can punch a lot harder than people think. But he doesn't punch; he just comes out to outbox opponents with his smarts. I talked to him about moving side to side and punching. With Hamsho coming on a straight line, Benitez can move to the side and hit with maximum power and not be afraid of being hit, because Hamsho won't be in a position to hit him."

During training, Benitez showed no inclination to adopt D'Amato's suggestion. Instead he tried to refine a defense that was already perfect. Meanwhile, Hamsho, a 29-year-old native of Latakia, Syria, practiced doing what he does best:

continued

hitting other people. He recounts with great pride his prowess as a street brawler in Syria. "I fight so much that every day I need a new shirt, and every day they throw me out of school," he says. "I live in a tough neighborhood and sometimes it was hell. You fought to survive. You fought because you are bored. You were young, and you had nothing else to do."

Hamsho was thrown out of school in the fifth grade and went to work for his father in a grocery store. As an amateur boxer he won 31 fights, lost one. In 1969 he was the Syrian junior middleweight amateur champion. Then he went to work as a seaman. In 1974 he jumped ship in Providence and headed for New York City, where he hooked up with Flood at the Gramercy Gym on 14th Street.

"I noticed him because he was always trying to help somebody," says Hamsho, who now lives in Bayonne, N.J. "In the beginning he gave me hope. He kept me

alive; he carried me. He saw something in me. It was my anger. In the gym I'd fight anybody who'd stand in front of me. Even heavyweights. I always had guts. He always told me to be a boxer, that I didn't have to beat up everybody I fought."

In his early professional career, before he got his green card as a resident alien in 1978, Hamsho fought under the names of Rocky Estafire, Mike Estaire and Mike Estafire. He lost his first pro fight in 1975, and then fought 34 times without a defeat until meeting Hagler in 1981.

"I've got no excuses for the Hagler fight," Hamsho says. "I was too cocky. I didn't respect the guy. I wasn't worried about his punching. I didn't listen to anybody. I caught every punch he threw. Now I listen to people."

When Flood died, of a cerebral hemorrhage, Hamsho was devastated. On Father's Day, he went to Flood's grave. "He

was like a father to me," Hamsho said. "I'm not fighting Benitez to get another fight at Hagler. I'm fighting for me and for Paddy. I'm fighting because I want to prove I'm Number One, not by politics but because of my ability." For the final week of training, Certo brought in Al Salvani, a 73-year-old cornerman from California, for his skill as a cut man and for his counsel. Salvani went right to work. First he told Hamsho to forget about Benitez' head. "His head will faint you crazy," said Salvani. "Ignore it. All I want you to hit is anywhere between his collarbones and his belt buckle. And I want your punches short and all from underneath. Dig. They're the most damaging punches. And he thinks you are going to come straight at him. Don't. Move side to side. Annoy him. You don't go straight at nobody. Never."

After a week, Salvani shook his head as he watched Hamsho work. "He's a

A Friday Night With No Fight

Eddie Mustafa Muhammad entered his Washington, D.C. hotel room at 8:30 last Friday morning after having weighed in for his 15-round light heavyweight title rematch with undisputed champion Michael Spinks. On a scale of 1 to 175, the No. 1 challenger had weighed 177½, 2½ pounds over the limit. "I'm stronger, I'm hungrier," Mustafa Muhammad had been saying all week. But, as he discovered, a fighter can be too hungry.

The former champion, whom Spinks defeated two years ago, was given two hours to make the weight. Instead he went to bed. "I just lay there laughing," he said upon emerging at 10:30. "I knew what the deal was."

The deal, as Mustafa Muhammad saw it, was that the scale had been rigged. It didn't matter that it had been calibrated that very morning by a man from the U.S. Department of Weights and Measures. Mustafa Muhammad had a scale in his bathroom that had him at 175. "Eddie's living on Fantasy Island," promoter Bunch Lewis said.

Other fighters had come into a championship bout weighing too heavy, but none had ever refused to try to make the limit. Mustafa Muhammad had to shed 27 pounds in less than two months to fight Spinks the first time. He'd been overweight at the weigh-in for that one, too, by nearly two pounds, but sweated

off the excess in a steam bath. As a price, he not only lost the prizefight, he says, but his stamina as well. "I felt like a dead prune," said Mustafa Muhammad. He started strong, but tired and lost by a unanimous decision.

For the rematch, the 43-6-1 Mustafa Muhammad spent almost as much time bailing Spinks as training. He accused Spinks of having beaten him more with thumbs, knees and elbows than with fists. He threatened to punch out the ref if such dirty tricks occurred this time. A native of the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, he even bragged that he'd come from a tougher ghetto than his St. Louis-born opponent. "Say 'Brownsville' to Spinks," Mustafa Muhammad said, "and he'll be scared half to death."

"Brownsville!" said Spinks, puzzled. "What's that? Something Eddie ate?"

In the gym, Mustafa Muhammad, a caddy 185 pounds a mere week before the fight, looked as sluggish as the ticket sales. Lewis had hoped Washington's first major title bout in 42 years would draw a sellout crowd of 10,000 to the D.C. Armory. But by the day before the fight, only 4,000 tickets had been sold. When Mustafa Muhammad refused to make the weight, the bout was hurriedly downgraded to a non-title 10-rounder. "We weren't getting paid that much anyway," Mustafa Muhammad said. "You were paid what you were worth," Lewis countered. Because HBO, which was to have televised the fight, reduced its contribution considerably, Spinks' share was halved to \$500,000. Mustafa Muhammad's to \$75,000.

But while trying to make a pre-fight nap, Spinks, who had been counseled against the non-title arrangement by his trainer, Eddie Futch, reconsidered. An injury would jeopardize his career, and a loss would only tarnish his 23-0 record. "Why should I sacrifice my dignity for this man?" Spinks said. "He's just a bag of hot air. Lukewarm, really."

Mustafa Muhammad came to the final press conference surrounded by his buddies, The Assassin's (sic), a leather-clad motorcycle gang from Brooklyn. He and Lewis exchanged unpleasantities, and an argument broke out between them. Cops drew their nightsticks and herded Mustafa Muhammad and his Assassin's into an adjoining room. "It was as though we were all rallying around someone who was a madman," said Lewis from the door. His voice choked up and tears trickled down his cheeks, perhaps at the thought of the \$200,000 he stood to lose on the venture.

The WBA quickly dropped Mustafa Muhammad from its rankings, and the WBC is expected to follow suit. The D.C. Boxing and Wrestling Commission suspended him indefinitely.

Unlike Mustafa Muhammad and Lewis, Spinks escaped with his reputation intact. He even managed to exact some small revenge. Glancing toward Mustafa Muhammad at the weigh-in, he slurped a cup of hot broth and said deliberately, "Mm! Mm! Good!"

The 31-year-old challenger had probably blown his last chance for a title bout. It wasn't worth the wait.

—FRANZ LIDD

marvel," Salvani said. "You tell him something once and he does it like he's been doing it all his life. Before, all he wanted to do was work, work, work. You couldn't stop him. Now he listens to me. He says, 'Whatever you tell me, I do.' I think he respects me."

Hamsho introduced himself to Benitez very quickly. In the opening seconds he rushed across the ring, drove Benitez into the ropes with a forearm chop to the throat and then slammed a straight left to the face. Benitez' eyes opened wide. No one had ever treated him so roughly.

Then Hamsho, a southpaw, went to work on Benitez' body. By the second round Benitez was flinching as Hamsho slammed shot after shot at the Salvani target zone.

Hurt by a hard left to the head late in the second, Benitez barely made it back to his corner, where Machado revived him with an ammonia capsule. It's a very common practice, only Machado made the mistake of dropping the capsule in front of a Nevada State Athletic Commission inspector. He could be fined as much as \$1,000.

"Everybody does it," Machado said. "I just got caught. I was stupid because I dropped the capsule. Wilfred took a heavy blow in the second round, and I used it. Otherwise in the third they would have been counting 10 over him. I'm never going to see anyone count 10 on Wilfred."

In the third, the revived Benitez tried to bring the fight into the center of the ring. It was a mistake. Five times Hamsho, between cuffing him handily, pushed him to the floor. Benitez averted a sixth trip only with a last-second desperate hug around Hamsho's knees. After that, until the end of the fight, Benitez chose never to venture farther than a few feet from his own corner. At each bell, he would take two steps out and then one back, and there he'd stay as Hamsho hammered away at will.

After the 10th round, as Hamsho waited in his corner, Certo looked at him and said, "Paddy is here. He knows what is happening."

"I know," Hamsho said huskily, tears forming in his eyes. "I can feel him."

The scoring was lopsided: Judges Low Tabat (118-109) and Chuck Mink-

er (118-111) each gave Benitez two rounds; Dulby Shirley (117-111) gave him three. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED gave him none, scoring it 120-107.

As a middleweight, Benitez had proved to be a dud. As Jacobs said, "You keep moving up and up until finally you reach a plateau where the people are stronger and tougher. Hamsho was much stronger than Wilfred. I think this fight



Two Benitez trips to the deck in the third round were ruled pushes (above), but in the seventh he got a rise out of Hamsho.

dictated that Wilfred will fight as a junior middleweight."

When it was over, there was immediate talk of a rematch between Hagler and Hamsho after the Duran fight. "Why Hagler?" Certo asked. "We'd rather take off a few pounds and fight Heams. We were supposed to fight him before we fought Benitez, but they turned us down. I'm not too choked up about fighting Hagler. But, then, if they offer us enough money, we'll fight anybody."

Were you watching, José? **END**



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On the bus, cutting across the lower midsection of the United States, the mother and daughter were awed as the land changed from flat, dry Texas plains into the lush spring landscape of Louisiana and Mississippi. The journey was full of magic. It was also scary, because it led to an uncertain future. Forty-two hours on a Greyhound bus. Round trip fare: \$62.40. Odessa, Texas to the Titleholders Championship in Augusta, Ga.

When the Whitworths, Dama and her 18-year-old daughter, Kathy, arrived in Augusta on that March day in 1958, they caught their breath and then hailed a cab for the old Bon Air Hotel, a huge, white structure that to these visitors from Jal, N. Mex., seemed the biggest, swankiest place in the world. Later they would discover the heat wasn't working. After registering, they walked out back. There stood Betsy Rawls and Mickey Wright, two giants of women's professional golf who had played an exhibition against Kathy and didn't regard her as pro material. "What in the world are you doing here?" Wright exclaimed. Kathy Whitworth wondered the same thing.

Now, a quarter of a century later, Whitworth will, in all likelihood, do something one of these weeks that will put her name in the record book as bigger type than those of Rawls or Wright. She'll win a tournament somewhere, and it will be the 85th victory of her pro career, tops for any woman, or man, in history. At present the 43-year-old Whitworth's 84 titles tie her with Sam

Snead, another hero from rural-route America, for the most wins regardless of sex. She almost got No. 85 in early June, when she was in a playoff at the Rochester International in Pittsford, N.Y., but she was beaten on the third extra hole.

Whitworth turned pro in 1959 during the dark ages of the LPGA; she was a small-town girl in a small-time sport. Now she's a small-town lady in a big-time sport. Golf has changed, but Whitworth hasn't. She's still Dama and Morris' girl from Jal, a community of 2,675 in a bleak landscape. In Jal the back of a man's neck pretty much reflects whether he does an honest day's work.

Golf fans don't hear a whole lot about Whitworth these days. In the jazzed-up LPGA of the '80s, she has the wrong image. She's not willowy, or young, or colorful. Black-and-white is her favorite color scheme. She doesn't have bizarre love affairs or throw tantrums. But she still wins: four victories and \$415,572 in the last 2½ years. She's fourth on the LPGA's 1983 money list, with \$143,937. "Back in the old days, it took 10 years for someone to know your name," says Whitworth. "You could win 25 tournaments and nobody cared. Now, if you win the right one, you can be an instant star."

Whitworth has always had the stats for stardom but has managed to avoid the role for a lot of reasons: because no one was watching back when she joined the LPGA, because she was shy, because she does what she does for motives dear only to her. She never has excited the public.

Wrong Image But The Right Touch

Kathy Whitworth may not be an LPGA cutie, but she could soon become the biggest tournament winner in golf history by **BARRY McDERMOTT**





She has a matter-of-fact way—her vocabulary is laced with country expressions like "sashay," "I reckon" and "mosey." The only endorsement she ever did was a Colgate-Palmolive television commercial promoting the detergent Axion. But with her down-home twang, it kept coming out "Ass-oon." Says Judy Rankin, another LPGA veteran, "Some people are never meant for stardom, even if they are the star type."

And Whitworth was the star type out on the course. When she was good, she was very, very good. Only Wright could touch her. In eight of nine years from '65 to '73, Whitworth was the tour's leading money-winner. But some other good players, for example, Marlene Hagge, were also lucky. They were pretty. Every year Hagge would win something called The Best Dressed award, a euphemism for most beautiful, and get a lot more attention than Whitworth.

"It's not necessary for people to know you," Whitworth says. "The record itself speaks. That's all that really matters. Anyway, I don't know of any other thing I'd like to do or enjoy as much."

There have been two major disappointments in Whitworth's life. One she can do something about: Just as Sneed somehow never won the U.S. Open, Whitworth has never been the U.S. Women's Open champion. The other item is tougher: Whitworth always wanted to be married and have kids, but that's a course she never could handle. "Buck when I had my chances, it was something you just didn't do," she recalls. "I wanted to be a golfer, the best I could be, and marriage and golf didn't mix."

Whitworth is on the practice tee, down at the end, where distractions are fewer. To stay one-up on golf over the years, she has put in the hours, and a spectator can see the rhythmic, exact results. Whitworth still hits the ball as well as ever. Only occasionally does an odd hook

continued

Tournament triumph No. 85 would extend Whitworth membership in a club all her own.

creep in. When it does, she gives a little jump, as if she has seen a snake.

One hand on her hip, the other leaning on her driver, Whitworth waits. She's out of balls, but walking toward her down the line of golfers is a young attendant carrying a huge basket of them. Whitworth is at last April's CPC International at Hilton Head Island, S.C. and up near the lead as usual.

Halfway down the line, the boy pauses by a young player. She has that up-to-date LPGA look, cute, with silky hair. The boy asks her if she needs any practice balls and they begin a little flirting. Whitworth waits, watching. After a minute or so, the boy picks up his basket. Whitworth raises her hand, beckoning, and her mouth opens, probably to say "Thank you" to him. But the boy turns and walks the other way.

Whitworth is standing there, arm up, mouth agape. Someone else might have started screaming. "Hey, stupid, can't you see that I need some balls? I've only won more tournaments than the rest of the people here put together, and the bimbo you've been talking to is never going to win even one." Instead, Whitworth gives an imperceptible sigh and then saunters over to another pile of balls about 20 yards away, scoops them up and carries them back to her workbench.

A moment later, an old caddie walks up and watches her swing. "Kathy," he says, "you got where you are through hard work." Says Whitworth, "Yeah, but after all these years, you'd think it would be easier."

Harvey Penick wears a hearing aid and walks with a cane. His skin is mottled, an angry combination of red, brown and white patches, the result of being out in a searing Texas sun for all of his 78 years. And he's bent into a question mark because of a back that simply wore out, probably from teeing up too many golf balls. Penick started as a caddie at the Coun-

try Club of Austin when he was six. His mother made him wait until then. Later he became the golf pro, and his record as a teacher has made him a legend. Ben Crenshaw and Tom Kite grew up "taking" from him, and he wears a watch the back of which is inscribed BETSY-MICKEY-BETSY, as in Rawls, Wright and Cullen. Penick says he has seen more golf balls hit than anyone. Until '75, he charged \$5 for a lesson. His current rate: \$15.

Penick is lovable and wise. People at the Country Club defer to him. He's a local treasure. Some mornings, at 8 a.m., when the dew in Austin is still thick on the grass, Penick shows up for work and finds Crenshaw waiting, first in line for his wisdom.

Penick has been Whitworth's teacher since she was a teen-ager. Hardy Loudermilk, the pro in Jal, realized he had a potential champion and called Penick. "I've taken her as far as I can," he said. "Will you work with her?" Dama and her

daughter would drive the 420 miles to Austin. Kathy was a lot different back then. She was a big, heavyset girl, strong as could be. Penick liked several things about her. She was a terrific putter. "The ball would die true," he recalls. And she worked. Dama sat patiently and copied down what Penick said. Then they would drive back to Jal and the little nine-hole course hacked out of the mesquite and sand dunes, and Kathy would get down to business. Says Wright, "Probably the smartest thing she ever did was stick with Harvey. He always could tell her the word or phrase that would snap her out of a slump." Penick says, "She's been mighty faithful."

That's an apt word for Whitworth—faithful. To her family, to her town, to her coach and to her game. She's had the same putter for 21 years—and most of her friends just as long. They don't seem to wear out. But most of all, Whitworth is true to a set of principles. Be gracious but



Kathy hasn't been the only Mom and Pop concern home in Jal.

guard your time, it's more precious than money. Don't forget your roots. Remember favors, and pay them back. Be generous. And let your clubs do your talking.

Jal got its name because it sits on ranchland formerly owned by one John A. Lynch. And the town continues to exist mostly because the El Paso Natural Gas Company set up shop in 1928. Life in Jal revolves around the notion that people ought to be involved in their community. "We talk a lot," says Morris Whitworth. "You ask a man for the time, and he'll build you a watch. It's all a matter of attitude. People tend to everybody's business. If you think people caring about you is nice, then this place is for you. But if you don't want people butting in, then it's not."

About half the town is directly associated with El Paso Natural Gas, but not the Whitworths. Dama and Morris operated a hardware store for 30 years before giving it up in 1981. Now Morris, an ex-

trovert with a politician's hearty laugh, is Jal's mayor. He's a chain smoker, which doesn't thrill Dama, although she never would say anything to him. People in Jal call Dama "a doer." She's a member of the Chamber of Commerce, is active in the First Baptist Church, does volunteer hardressing at a rest home in nearby Kermit, Texas, works in the local Democratic Women's Club and also at the Jal Hospital, and is treasurer of the Lower Plains Golf Association. She plays once a month. Her best score is a 92, and just recently, at age 65, she had a 95. "I'm kind of proud of that," she says in her prim way. That's as close to gloating as a Whitworth gets.

Asked what it is that has made Kathy so successful, the parents have different answers. "Luck," says Morris. But Dama sets her jaw. "Determination," says she. When Kathy, who started playing golf at 15, using a set of clubs that had belonged to her deceased grandfather, won her first amateur tournament at 17, officials offered her a choice: a beautiful turquoise necklace or a trophy. "I'll take the trophy," said Kathy.

Actually, neither mother nor father thinks it extraordinary that the youngest of their three daughters would come out of a small frame house at 629 S. Fourth Street, learn the game on a primitive nine-hole course where the rain shelters are lime-green fiber-glass sheds and where the ground is baked hard by June and is almost barren by August—and then go on to dominate a sport in which the best player wins only sometimes. "We always have a pretty positive attitude when we start something," Morris says. "It's hard not to make it with a positive attitude. You can't walk on water with one foot on the bank."

Kathy won the '57 women's state tournament, and the following spring an invitation to the Titleholders Championship in Augusta arrived. The tournament then was the equivalent of the women's Masters, right down to a green jacket for the champion, although it was played not at the Augusta National Golf Club but at the Augusta Country Club next door. Neither Kathy nor Dama had any clue what the Titleholders was, but an invitation was an invitation. "We thought it meant you had to go," Dama recalls.

Two things stuck in Dama's mind from that tournament. No caddie wanted to carry Kathy's golf bag, a pitiful, scrawny

plaid model from her father's store. And her daughter finished almost lost. A few years later, when Kathy returned to the tournament as a pro, she employed the same caddie she had used in her debut in Augusta. Faithful. "She went on to win that green jacket twice, in '65 and '66," says Dama. "And I treasure those jackets more than any other trophies."

When Whitworth joined the tour, fresh from dropping out of Odessa (Texas) Junior College, she wasn't much of a golfer. Her credentials included a couple of New Mexico state titles, and Wright gently advised her to remain an amateur and go on with college.

During a rookie season in which her scoring average was a big fat 80 and her earnings were \$1,217 in 26 tournaments, Whitworth went home and said she wanted to quit. She was testing her support, Dama, Morris and Loudermilk, who had kicked in with financial backing, sat around the kitchen table and talked sense into her. Said Morris, "Save yourself those tears."

"When I came back to the tour later that season," Kathy remembers, "I said, 'Well, self-pity isn't going to get it. If you're going to be out here, you might as well start working at it and see what you can do.' I practiced and I watched. I'd go to the practice tee and sit and study Putty Berg and Louise Suggs and Mickey Wright, watch 'em like a hawk." About that time she gave her parents a bottle of champagne. "We'll open this when I win my first tournament," she said.

It wasn't until 1962 that she popped the cork, upon winning on the last hole of a tournament in Baltimore. The following year Whitworth won eight tournaments, and she got to feeling pretty good about herself. She had dropped about 50 pounds. She had money to spend. And she had proved herself in golf and no longer was a hick nobody.

But in 1964 she suddenly lost it. By the time the tour reached San Antonio toward the end of the year, she hadn't won a tournament. Berg had a saying: "It's not how fast you get there, it's how long you stay." Whitworth, it seemed, was a flash in the pan.

Loudermilk had by then moved to San Antonio, and Whitworth had dinner with him and moaned to him about her season of bad luck. Her old pro looked her in the eye. "Did it ever occur to you that you have the big head?" he asked.



continued

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At 76, teacher Penick still has plenty on the ball.

KATHY WHITWORTH continued

"Well, I was destroyed," Whitworth recalls. "But of course he was right. It was one of the great lessons of my life."

Whitworth won the tournament in San Antonio. And in the next five years she won 42 more, assumed a leadership role in the LPGA and became its president in 1971, and twice was named the Associated Press Woman Athlete of the Year. She also was influential in the making of one of the LPGA's biggest decisions. In 1969 the players ousted Executive Director Leonard Wirtz, a strong-willed man who ran the organization, more or less, from the trunk of his car. Wirtz was good for the tour. He gave it backbone, but his autocratic style terrified most of the players.

By dismissing Wirtz, many of the players probably were standing up to a man for the first time. "It taught us a lesson," Whitworth says. "No one is indispensable." Aided by corporate money from firms such as Colgate and an infusion of young talent from the col-

leges, where Title IX was taking effect, women's golf took off during the 1970s, but Whitworth receded into the background.

In 1973 she decided that she just didn't want to push anymore. "My nerves were completely shot," she says. "I shook so bad in the last tournament of the year that I couldn't sign my scorecard. I knew then that if I didn't back off, I'd burn out. That was hard to face."

So Whitworth eased off on herself, but even operating at a kind of mental half-throttle, she continued to be a power on the tour, picking up an occasional win, though '73 was her last year as No. 1 on the money list. Then in '79 and '80 she hit a real slump—two years without a victory, two years of snap-hook ground balls into the left rough. If

ever there was a time to quit, it was then. Whitworth finished 30th, then 24th, on the money list. "I was fighting for my life," she says. "I got real depressed. Scared might be a better word to use." Finally, she went back to Austin to see the old man with the cane. Penick just shook his head. Whitworth's swing

looked O.K.—until she hit the ball. "Let's try and get back to your old swing," said Penick. "It never was classical, but it was sound. Purty is as purty does."

Whitworth went home and practiced for two months. Slowly, the old feeling returned. And in the middle of 1981 in the Coca-Cola Classic in Ridgewood, N.J., she birdied three of the last four holes, then birdied the second hole of a playoff to win the tournament. It was victory No. 81, and the thrill was the same as it always had been. That week she received a letter from Wright, who had 82 career victories. It said, "Don't settle for just 81." Nos. 82 and 83 came last year. No. 84 she won this March.

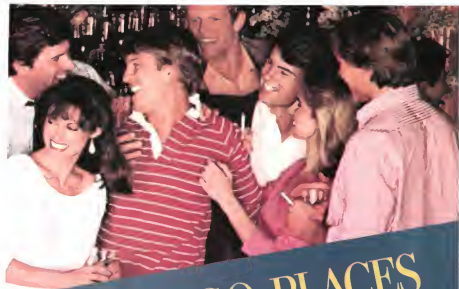
For 15 years Whitworth has lived in Dallas, where reading and housework—"therapy," she calls it—are her only hobbies, and where she has a closet full of long gowns, which she wears when she goes out to dinner or appears at a charity affair. "I look pretty good all speffed up," Whitworth says with a smile. She has made only a couple of concessions to the times and her lofty stature in golf. She has incorporated herself, and she's thinking seriously of buying a Mercedes.

There's no question that Whitworth loves the tour life. The other players kid her about playing an orange ball, about her age and about her hair, a semi-bouffant style that would stand up well in a New Mexico sandstorm. "No strand ever moves," says Debbie Massey incredulously. Whitworth thinks back to her high school days when she played the bass drum in the band. During practice each musician would perform singly. "Alone we sounded terrible, but put us all together and it was just great," she says. The tour is like that. It has a sense of community that Whitworth would have a hard time finding elsewhere.

Recently, she was asked why she doesn't want to be an LPGA officer anymore. It's better that way, she said, because it gives the reins of leadership to the younger women. "It's not my tour anymore," she added. Of course, she was wrong about that, but she was right about something else. Someone asked her what she would choose as an epitaph. "I held my age well," she replied with no hesitation at all.



Sneed, 71, shares with Whitworth the record for most tournament wins.



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He went from Rags to riches

by Jim Kaplan

A Fourth of July no-hitter made Dave Righetti a Yankee Doodle Dandy

Try this one out, patriots. It's July 4, the birth date of his club owner and his country, and Yankee Doodle Dandy Dave Righetti is facing Boston at Yankee Stadium. In his previous start Righetti had pitched his first major league shut-out, but on this day he's doing even better. Suddenly it's the top of the ninth, two men are out, and up comes Wade Boggs, who has more hits this season than anyone in the majors. Righetti fans him for the first Yankee no-hitter in 27 years, and the Stadium erupts.

But the next day, while everyone else is still buzzing about the no-hitter, Righetti is loitering on an Atlantic City beach with teammate Graig Nettles and already thinking of his next start, four days hence at Kansas City. "A couple of years ago I would have gone crazy after a no-hitter and forgotten about my next game," he says. Instead he goes 10½ innings without his best fastball and is disconsolate when the Yanks lose 3-2 to the Royals on an Alphonse-and-Gaston error sequence in the 12th.

Endorsement offers start flooding in. Righetti considers them while watching the All-Star Game on TV and snacking on pizza and soft drinks with his lawyer, Bill Goodstein—and rejects every offer. "If I don't do well and the Yankees don't do well, it would appear I got too wrapped up in my own success at the expense of the team," he tells Goodstein.

Last Friday night Righetti made a triumphant return to Yankee Stadium Showing he can benefit from luck as well as pluck, he yielded five runs and 10 hits in six innings but won 7-5. "I've never given up so many runs and won," he said afterward. "People say I deserve it, so I'll take it."

As of last Sunday, Righetti, 24, 6' 3", 198 pounds and still boyishly handsome, was among the American League leaders with an 11-3 record, a .786 won-lost percentage and 97 strikeouts. (His ERA was 3.27.) Flame-throwing lefties usually take longer to reach that level. Steve Carlton first won 20 games at age 27, Sandy Kou-

fax at 28, Ron Gaudry at 28. No wonder the Yankees last winter were happy to sign Righetti to a five-year, \$3.5 million contract, the largest ever given a player who wasn't a free agent or about to become one. Righetti's teammates call him Rags; they should call him Riches.

Righetti has a Carlton-like assortment of pitches: a fastball he throws about 60% of the time that rides away from right-handed hitters, a slider he throws 30% of the time that breaks in on them; and a nifty curve and changeup he can spot. "You have to look for the fastball, and that makes the other pitches tougher," says Texas' Buddy Bell, "and his control is better than ever [only 36 walks in 135 innings]." Righetti throws without a windup, à la Don Larsen, the last Yankee no-hit pitcher, and gives the hitter some deceptive moves with his right knee and elbow. "He's got enough stuff to stink around for years after his velocity goes backward," says Ranger General Manager Joe Klein.

But Righetti watchers argue that maturity has more to do with his success than the movement on his pitches. "He's learned that when he's behind on the count, he doesn't have to throw any harder," says Yankee Catcher Butch Wynegar. "It's basically a matter of experience."

It's also a matter of confidence. "They gave me the ball in spring training and told me that I was in the starting rotation," says Righetti. "That gave me the self-assurance to stop worrying about who I'm facing. I just have to throw my stuff. It's almost the same philosophy Yogi Berra has—why think?"

Righetti's father, Leo,

was a minor league shortstop in the Yankee and Brave organizations from 1944 to '57. "They called Dave 'Sunshine' in the Little Leagues because nothing bothered him," says Leo, who runs a small trucking company in San Jose, Calif.

Dave was an outfielder who switched to pitcher his senior year in high school on the advice of Leo's old friend Paddy Cottrell, a Ranger scout. Righetti went on to pitch for San Jose City College, where one of his outfielders was Toronto's Dave Stieb, another late convert to pitching. "It was also on Cottrell's advice that Texas chose Righetti in the first round of the 1977 secondary draft."

Righetti ran up an 11-3 record for Class A Asheville. He suffered arm trouble the next season and was 5-5 at Double A Tulsa, but still struck out 21 batters in one game and 127 in 91 innings overall. "He was our number one prospect," says Hal Keller, the Rangers' farm director at the time. Adds Danny O'Brien, then the Texas president, "If you'd asked 10 people, nine would have said, 'Keep him.'" The 10th, unfortunately, was



Only 24, Righetti is in full stride with an 11-3 record.

then-Ranger owner Brad Corbett. Corbett sent Righetti to the Yankees in a 10-player trade that landed fading Reliever Sparky Lyle for Texas. Soon afterward, Keller and O'Brien left the Rangers and took similar positions with the Seattle Mariners.

"I was relaxed with the Ranger organization. Then suddenly I was in the world champions' system, and people were saying I'd be the next Ron Guidry," says Righetti. He ran up monstrous walk totals for Triple A Columbus during the 1980 season but, cool as ever under pressure, won a clutch game in the International League playoffs.

In 1981 Righetti made the Yankees, had an 8-4 record, won two games in the mini-playoffs and one in the playoffs and was selected American League Rookie of the Year. He should have been set for life, but after a 1982 start that was disappointing but not disastrous—5-5 with a 4.23 ERA—owner George Steinbrenner made good on some early-season threats to send Righetti back to Columbus.

Shocked and hurt, Righetti saw E.T. and then phoned home. "My son is not the sorehead I was," says Leo Righetti. "During spring training in 1952 the Boston Braves wanted me to remain with their Milwaukee farm—but I went home instead. Johnny Logan took my place and later became the Braves' starting shortstop. When Dave told me he was being farmed out, I told him, 'Don't open your mouth.'"

Dave didn't. He relaxed at Columbus, was 1-0 in one start and three relief appearances, was recalled a month later and finished '82 with an 11-10 record, a 3.79 ERA and 163 strikeouts in 183 innings. "The emptiness I had in not making the majors isn't there anymore," says Leo. "Dave filled it."

Righetti and teammates Shane Rawley, Jay Howell, Matt Keough and Bob Shirley have created a stock investment club they named Johnny Steiner, Inc. after a fictitious character they've persuaded other Yankees is a real person. As playful and roughhousing as cubs, Righetti and his friends also give each other names out of movies, adventure books and their own imaginations. "I'm Trick Maynard," says Rawley. "And Howell is Chuck Schuck. Ron Guidry's Dirk Pitt and Matt Keough's Dash Hammer. Dave? He's Rob Paradise. We also call him Jedi Master because he's the elite, the best."

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

With Dick Wagner ousted last week as the Reds' president and chief executive officer, Bob Howsam resumed those roles—he'd relinquished them in February 1978 to become vice-chairman of the board—and indicated that significant changes might be forthcoming. Howsam said he would seriously consider revising



When free agency became a reality a few years ago there was an overt effort to break down the paternalism of the club toward the players," says Asso President and General Manager Al Rosen. "That may hold true when it comes to salary negotiations, but for many players when something goes wrong—illness or trouble of some sort—the first place they turn is to the club."



Cincy's policy of not going after prominent free agents. He also said he favors retaining Bowie Kuhn as commissioner. Kuhn will lose his job on Aug. 12 unless he picks up three new supporters from the six National League clubs opposing his reelection. If Howsam can convince the Reds ownership to back Kuhn, the commissioner would need only two more switchovers.



It seems the Pirates are phasing out Dave Parker; they've dropped him to sixth in the lineup, benched him occasionally and yanked him for a pinch hitter against some lefty pitchers. Parker's five-year, \$6.7 million contract expires at the end of the season, and it's doubtful that the Bucs, who have plenty of reliable outfielders, are interested in retaining his services.

Just a few years ago Parker, the 1978 National League MVP, was one of the most feared hitters in the game. But he has had numerous injuries since 1980 and has asked to be traded from Pittsburgh because fans there have jumped on his case. His statistics for this season, through last Sunday, were .264, 25 RBIs and four homers.

Why has Parker, 32, slumped so badly and why has he lost so much of the verve that once characterized his play? There

are no easy answers, although several scouts say that Parker may be having difficulty handling inside fastballs because he's a bit heavy at 235 pounds. Montreal First Baseman Al Oliver agrees, saying, "It's tough for him to turn on an inside pitch. A couple years ago, with those same pitches, he'd have killed the first baseman with hard-hit balls."

Another possibility is poor vision, but Parker refused to have an eye examination last week after the club had made an appointment for him. "There's nothing wrong with my eyes," Parker said. But there's something wrong somewhere.



Cleveland's Julio Franco may well become what he hopes to be—"the shortstop of the future." Despite hitting eighth most of the time, Franco, a 21-year-old rookie from the Dominican Republic, had 52 RBIs through last Sunday, the second-most by any shortstop in the big leagues. (Baltimore's Cal Ripken had 54 and Milwaukee's Robin Yount had 50.) Furthermore, Franco, who got off to a slow start in the plate this season, was batting .287 and leading the Tribe with four triples and 17 steals.

Franco had a .311 average for his five minor league seasons, but the rap against him was that he made too many errors—72 in his last two years. Thus, the Indians were able to obtain him last December along with four other players by trading Outfielder Von Hayes to the Phils. Al-

FOUL BALL

Throughout a 7-4, 11-inning Toronto win in the opener of a three-game series in Kansas City, the Royals complained about umpire Joe Brinkman's work behind the plate. After the game K.C. Outfielder Willie Wilson argued heatedly with Brinkman.

"I could write him up [in a report to the league office]," Brinkman said later that night, "but I'm not going to because he'll be going [be thrown out] every night when I see him, anyhow. Whenever he looks at me cross-eyed, or just looks in me. If he apologizes, I'll run him. I just don't care if the man ever plays a baseball game when I'm on the field ever, ever again."

Brinkman's comments were extraordinary for a man in a profession in which acting on a grudge could affect the outcome of a game. He showed considerably better judgment by not carrying out his threat in the rest of the series.

continued

though Franco is still making errors—17 through Sunday—he has shown excellent range and proved that he's coachable. Second Baseman Manny Trillo, who also went to Cleveland in the big swap, has helped Franco improve his overall fielding by constantly tutoring him. "He wasn't putting his hands together when I gave him the ball on double plays," says Trillo, giving an example of the sort of things he has been working on with Franco. "He caught the ball with one hand and wasted time bringing the other hand up to get the ball and throw."

Indians Manager Mike Ferraro is sure Franco can cut his errors appreciably if he can correct one other bad habit. "He fields the ball with his wrong foot forward," Ferraro says. "Julio fields with his right foot ahead of his left and then has to bring his left one up so he can throw."

Pete Ladd, who relieved so well for the Brewers late last season and in the playoffs, flopped early this year. On May 20, with his ERA resembling a crap shoot—it was 7.11—Ladd was sent to the minors. Since his return on June 21, Ladd through Sunday had had three saves, one win and a 1.23 ERA for 7½ innings and had helped Milwaukee go 17-5. . . . Red Sox Outfielders Jim Rice (23 homers and 65 RBIs through Sunday), Tony Armas (19 and 55) and Dwight Evans (18 and 45) are going at a clip that would give them a total of 112 home runs and 307 RBIs at the season's end. . . . When Amos Otis, a three-time Gold Glove win-

SPLendor in the GRASS

The infielders at Anaheim Stadium and Wrigley Field are oddly similar. The grass is nearly as high as an elephant's knee and the dirt in front of the plate is almost mushy. The thick growth slows down grounders, and the loosely packed soil cuts down on high choppers, conditions that aid the Angels' and Cubs' aging infielders. That group consists of five Angels—Rod Carew, 37, Bobby Grich, 34, and Doug DeCinces, Tim Lincecum and Rick Burleson, all 32—plus Cubs Larry Bowa, 37, and Ron Cey, 35. Such groundskeeping apparently has helped. At week's end California was 22-17 at home, 39-37 overall on natural fields and 6-6 on synthetic surfaces. Chicago was 24-16 at home and 34-31 in all games on grass and had the second-worst record in the National League on ersatz greenery—7-18.

BALL PARK FIGURES

Here's a rundown on how well the major league teams have succeeded in throwing out would-be base stealers through last Sunday:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	CAUGHT	ATTEMPTS	PCT.
1. Tigers	40	88	45.5
2. Angels	30	68	44.1
3. Blue Jays	28	67	41.8
4. Indians	33	90	36.7
5. Rangers	36	99	36.4
6. A's	22	64	34.4
6. Royals	33	96	34.4
8. Orioles	30	90	33.3
9. Mariners	26	88	29.5
10. Twins	37	129	28.7
11. White Sox	25	89	28.1
12. Red Sox	30	111	27.0
13. Yankees	21	79	26.6
14. Brewers	20	105	19.0
Totals	411	1,263	32.5

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	CAUGHT	ATTEMPTS	PCT.
1. Expos	54	123	43.9
2. Dodgers	45	108	41.7
3. Reds	46	116	39.7
4. Pirates	38	103	36.9
5. Giants	48	131	36.6
6. Padres	38	105	36.2
7. Cardinals	33	94	35.1
8. Cubs	37	108	34.3
9. Phillies	41	126	32.5
10. Braves	32	121	26.4
11. Mets	41	161	25.5
12. Astros	32	131	24.4
Totals	485	1,427	34.0

ner as a centerfielder, returned to action after missing 12 games because of a pulled thigh muscle, he was put in right by K.C. Manager Dick Howser. In center was Willie Wilson, who'd played spectacularly there during Otis' absence and who was expected to remain there. . . . A 5-for-16 performance at the plate last week dropped the American League-leading batting average of California's Rod Carew to .397, the first time it has been below .400 since April 18.

REGGIE JACKSON: The Angel outfielder was hitting only .210 with 12 homers and 34 RBIs at week's end. Says Jackson, "I'm so far from the game. I don't know what's going on. I feel I'd be better off sitting down. Not playing. There's nobody to talk to about it. I just pray." . . . **DENNIS ECKERSLEY:** "I've

been stinking," says the Boston right-hander, who had a 5-7 record and 6.00 ERA through last Sunday. "It's killing me. I need to get my head above water. My stuff has been O.K. It's just been where I've been throwing the ball. I can't get it down when I need to."

As an Astro, Nolan Ryan has been shedding his label of being "only a .500 pitcher." Before joining Houston in 1980, Ryan had a 167-159 record (.512). His Astro stats: 47-29 (.618) through last week; and since June 18, 1982, 20-6, with a 2.37 ERA. A classic pitching match, Ryan vs. Philadelphia's Steve Carlton, didn't take place early this week as anticipated. The reason: Houston Manager Bob Lillis pitched Ryan last Sunday with three days' rest, instead of with his customary four. Had Lillis stuck to his normal rotation, Ryan would have faced Lefty on Monday. Lillis made the shift because he temporarily lacked the dependable fifth starter he would have needed on Sunday and because he wanted Ryan to face the Mets, whom he'd beaten 6-3 nine days earlier. Unfortunately, the strategy failed: Ryan lost to New York 3-1 although he struck out five, raising his career total to a record 3,583, one more than Carlton.

From watching the All-Star Game on TV, Dodger Outfielder Dusty Baker learned that "all the good hitters were doing what I wasn't doing—keeping my hands back." Last week, hands back, he batted .500, hit three homers and had 12 RBIs. . . . With two down in the top of the ninth, nobody on and the Giants ahead 6-5, Johnny Ray and Mike Easler homered off Greg Minton to give the Pirates a 7-6 triumph. Easler's blow, though, would not have cleared the fence had it not glanced off the glove of Left-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

HICKEY HENDERSON: The Oakland A's leftfielder batted .500, going 15 for 30 with three four-hit games. He also scored 10 runs and had three doubles, a triple, a homer, three RBIs and six stolen bases.

fielder Jeff Leonard. . . . Atlanta Outfielder Dale Murphy's 20th homer of the year was his first in 97 at bats. . . . Los Angeles tied the major league mark it set last year by reaching 2,000,000 in home attendance on its 46th date.

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by Dermie Stathopoulos



They held a premiere in Los Angeles last week to introduce the new Olympic swimming venue. It opened to mixed reviews. The feature attraction was the McDonald's International Invitational meet, and it included a cast of some 330 swimmers from 20 countries who came to test the waters of the \$4-million outdoor pool that will be used for the Games next summer. As at all premieres, a few stars showed up, the brightest being Vladimir Salnikov of the Soviet Union.

The day before the meet began, the temperature was pushing 95°, the blue water of the 50-meter pool glistened in the hot sun and smog lay like a brown velvet shroud over Los Angeles. Salnikov was asked about the new facility.

"It's nice. It's not bad. But it's not extraordinary," he said, hedging. "I hope there will be something to protect us from the sun next summer."

But what about the smog? Will it bother you?

"I thought about smog," said Salnikov, "but I haven't seen it yet."

He nonetheless was able to spot some flaws in the venue, notably the walk of several hundred yards that swimmers had to take every time they wanted to show-



Salnikov thought the eight-lane pool was slow, then he set the world 800-free mark, and suddenly the place looked pretty fast.

The baptism of the Games

The new Olympic pool in L.A. opened to cheers, gripes and a world record

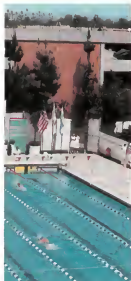
er or change. He also suggested that he didn't think the pool was very fast. Salnikov, the world-record holder in the 400, 800 and 1,500 freestyle, would be trying its speed in the 800 on Thursday and the 400 on Saturday, but would skip the 1,500. He was saving himself for the European Championships in late August.

The top U.S. swimmers were evidently saving themselves, too. Few bothered to

show up in Los Angeles, because, said U.S. officials, they were busy training for the national long-course championships—which will also serve as the Pan Am Games trials—in Clovis, Calif. in early August. Some notables did turn out: UCLA's Bill Barrett; Tiffany Cohen of Mission Viejo; Tony Curbisero of Columbia University, ranked second to Salnikov in the 800-meter free.

This rather weak American aggregation had to face East Germany's four top women swimmers, and the U.S.S.R.'s best men. And, oh yes, Japan sent over a large contingent, though no one was particularly worried about them. All of which made for a rather strange meet, which at times seemed more a dress rehearsal for next year's big show than a major international competition. For the foreigners, the McDonald's meet was the only time they would be able to try the pool before 1984; for the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, it was a chance to listen to complaints.

And complaints they heard. The harshest critic was the G.D.R.'s Petra Schneider, current world women's 400 IM record holder, who claimed that the pool lacked both an overflow gutter and extra lanes on either edge to act as a



cushion for the chop stirred up by competitors. "If you're in the center lane, it's O.K.," said Schneider, "but in the outside lanes, the waves slow you down."

This attack mystified Jay Flood, swimming commissioner for the '84 Games, who pointed out that there are, indeed, two-foot-deep gutters all around the pool, and, furthermore, that there is an extra—though narrow—lane on either side of the pool. The only condition that might account for some of Schneider's criticism was that the water level was a millimeter or so too low. That problem could easily be solved by—listen to this—adding more water.

The U.S. got off to a good start on Thursday in the first event of the meet, the women's 800 free, which Cohen won in 8:36.95, 12.33 off the world record but almost 20 seconds better than Schneider's time. (Schneider later said she was using the 800 as a warmup for Friday's 400 IM, a race she won in



Schneider (above) grumbled about gutters; Nagasaki nearly nailed a world mark.



4:45.92.) On Friday the U.S.—and Cohen—won a second gold medal, this time in the women's 800-free relay; and on Saturday Cohen came through again, winning the 400 free in 4:13.57. Said Cohen, "I think it's a fast pool. Also, the gutters are deep and the water flows easily."

Commissioner Flood was, no doubt, gratified by these comments, but he was also in a good mood on Thursday because it was his 50th birthday. "My best birthday present," he said, "was a world record in the new pool."

Predictably it was Salnikov who came bearing the gift. He broke his 800-free mark by .5 second. Back in the interview tent the press applauded Salnikov, then someone brought up the smog. Again.

Question: "This was the worst day for smog in three years. Did it affect you?"

Salnikov: "What smog? I would like someone to show me smog! I have not seen smog!"

The most surprising moments at this odd meet were provided by the Japanese. On Thursday 14-year-old Hiroko Nagasaki won the women's 200 breaststroke in 2:30.73, a U.S. open record, and then won the final in the event in 2:29.91, only 1.55 seconds off

the world record. In the men's 200 breast, Shigehiro Takahashi swam a respectable 2:18.39 to get the gold medal, and Kaori Yanase, 15, won both the women's 100 free on Thursday and the 200 free on Friday. "I was lucky to win yesterday," Yanase said modestly after the 200. "Today, I was lucky again." But luck aside, did Yanase think that Japan was again becoming a swimming power?

"Positively!" she said.

Don Gambrell, the U.S. Olympic swimming coach, agreed. "They take the same approach with swimming as they do in the business world," he said. "They have pictures of the strokes of our swimmers, a stroke-by-stroke analysis. I think they may know more about what our swimmers are doing than we do."

Which may explain why the Japanese won two more events on Sunday. Cohen, meanwhile, got her fourth gold, in the 1,500 free, and Pablo Morales of Santa Clara won the 100 butterfly, the first U.S. male to triumph at an Olympic distance. Though no one—yeah, sure—was counting, the final gold medal totals were: Soviets 12; Americans 7; East Germans 6; and Japanese 6.

And with that the curtain fell on the third opening of a new Olympic venue—the velodrome and track preceded the pool. As the crowd filed out, some no doubt paused to take a last look at the tinsel behind the awards stand or to gaze at the lush pinks, the lemon yellows and the lime greens that brighten a decor Flood calls "festive Federalism." But, Commish, isn't it a bit, ah, garish?

"Hey," Flood said, "this is showtime. It's Hollywood, it's fantasyland." **END**



Cohen gathered four golds for the weak U.S. team.

Bicycle racers are nuts. They risk their lives and abuse their bodies. On the one hand, they are treated like thoroughbreds: trained, rubbed down and pampered. On the other, they are pushed like tractor trailers: raced day after day until their wheels start smoking. This was all brought into focus on July 6 as some of the world's leading pro and amateur racers settled into the mountains and urban centers of Colorado—with a first ever side trip out of state, to Wyoming—for the Coors International Bicycle Classic.

The Coors, the format of which is a protracted torture known as stage racing, begin with time trials for both men and women in Boulder. It ended 12 days later in Denver, where the women were brotzing through a 60-minute criterium while the men were wheeling down from Chey-

enne, Wyo., in a 114-mile road race. All told, the men suffered through 710 miles, many of them wheel-to-wheel at 60 miles an hour down mountains, while the women put in 307 miles, riding in the same rough-and-tumble style. In fact, one female rider, Mieke Havik of Volendam, Holland, had a victory in the Foot-hills Road Race Saturday taken away because in the final sprint officials spotted her trying to block Sue Novara-Reber of Flint, Mich. into a fence. Snuffed Havik after being dropped to second place. "She was on the wrong side."

Crashes are as much a part of bike racing as derailleur. Thurlow Rogers of Van Nuys, Calif., one of the U.S.'s best in stage races, cracked a collarbone in a fall during the Grand Junction Criterium on

by Barry McDermott

Stetina is a 27-year-old pro rider, of the cycling Stetinas, an Indianapolis family that lives, breathes and peddles the virtues of spoked living. Both of his brothers, Wayne, 29, and Joel, 22, race, and their father, Roy, brought the boys up to look for the finish line.

On Sunday, when Dale came from 4:55 behind with a fantastic push in the Cheyenne-Denver road race, leaving Colombia's Luis Herrera in his wake, Roy claimed a measure of the credit "It was my massages," he said. "Before the Coors started two weeks ago, Dale was so tight that he could hardly move."

Roy may have been right. On Sunday, well kneaded and oiled, Dale stole the race from Herrera, a mighty mile of 120 pounds, who had worn the race leader's jersey since the second day. Ten miles into the final stage, Stetina and 17 other riders made a break that left Herrera mired in the chase group. Thus isolated, the Colombian was blocked and harried by other riders, as well as a cross wind. He dragged in 37th behind the winner of that stage, Ron Kieffel of Denver, and finished third overall.

But cycling isn't all winning and losing. The sport is great fun, exhilarating at times, and spectators lined the route of the race, cheering and drinking their share of suds. Here are a couple of the main characters from the show:

• **Alexi Grewal**—His parents are from India, but the Grewals now live in Aspen, where Alexi's father, Jasjit, owns a bike shop. Alexi, 22, is occasionally referred to as cycling's John McEnroe. He wears sunglasses during races, barks at officials and support crews if they bug him, and occasionally drifts into a funk. At times he can blow everyone else off the road. On Day 4 Grewal got a burr under his saddle in the Golden-to-Vail Pass Mountain Road Race and lit out after Herrera and his pacer and teammate, Israel Corredor, pulling the pack along in a superhuman effort over the last 12 miles. At the finish, he stormed away in disgust, telling the other riders, "You owe me one." Last Friday he won the 92-mile Morgul-Bismarck, riding up to the finish waving his arms like a presidential nomi-

These nuts had guts

The Coors Classic was marked by breaks and a big final breakaway



Phiney was a battered winner on Day 11.

the Classic's sixth day. And Connie Carpenter, who has owned the Coors, having won it in 1977, '81 and '82, was out of the race early when she fractured bones in her left wrist and elbow in a fall during the race's second stage, the Mall Criterium in Boulder. She was winning on the last lap when she went down. An even more spectacular wreck occurred Friday when Kim Lucas of Berkeley, Calif. flew over her handlebars and into a lane of oncoming traffic as she careened down a steep hill in the Morgul-Bismarck stage. Lucas suffered a fractured wrist, but was lucky to have stopped bouncing short of an oncoming truck.

Pedaling through this misery, oxygen debt and occasional carnage to victory were Rebecca Twigg and Dale Stetina, two totally dissimilar champions. Twigg is an amateur, a fresh-faced kid of 20 who's the defending world pursuit champion and hottest thing in U.S. cycling (SI, June 13). By winning the Coors, she erased any doubt that she can perform in the hills as well as on the tracks.

(Continued)



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Stetina, the '79 champ who briefly quit cycling, was unwinding during his last-day rush.

CYCLING continued

nee. Then he stopped, put his bike on his shoulder, carried it over the line, dropped it and collapsed with leg cramps. Throughout, Grewal was bothered with exercise-induced asthma and allergies, with good lungs, he might be awesome.

● Davis Phinney—He's known as the Cash Register because he's a terrific sprinter who collects many of the piddling cash awards—ranging from \$50 to \$500—given to lap winners in criteriums. Phinney won four of the Coors's five criteriums, including the Vail Village on his 24th birthday, and might have won the fifth but for a fall shortly before the finish in Denver's Washington Park. His most remarkable victory came in the North Boulder Park Criterium. About halfway into the race Phinney, a Boulder resident, local hero and Carpenter's fiancé, slid to the ground, binging up his right wrist and bruising his side. He jumped back on the bike, and though his rear wheel was wobbling and he was in such pain that he was close to fainting, he won with a courageous sprint at the finish that had Carpenter waving her cast wildly. Afterward, Phinney could barely remember a thing.

With Carpenter, an 11-time national champion, out of the women's division, Twigg had this Coors to herself, because Carpenter's loss affected her teammates. "Connie's tough as nails. When we lost her we just couldn't believe it," said Novara-Reber of the SRC Raleigh team. "Normally, she gives us strength. We were just a mess afterwards."

Twigg's competition thus came from a surprising source, Maria Canins of Italy, a former skier who has been racing only since June of last year. Canins is 34 and

has a 5-year-old daughter, but through the mountains she did well, inching ahead of Twigg. Then, in Vail for the race's fourth and fifth stages, Twigg took a commanding lead. "I don't think Maria can catch me now," said Twigg. "Her best events are over."

Canins tapped out in the Morgul-Bismarck, foolishly chasing Twigg's teammate, Havik, who was on a breakaway. The Italian expended huge amounts of



Twigg was the women's winner by 2:23.

energy and had nothing left for the finish, while Twigg sprinted to second place, just a wheel behind Sweden's Marianne Berglund. Sandra Schumacher, a 16-year-old West German, was third.

"It's all over," said Novara-Reber. "No one can catch Rebecca now," and no one did. Her final margin of victory was 2:23 over Canins.

Meanwhile, Herrera was doing his thing. At only 22, he's renowned on two counts: The French wanted him to ride in this year's Tour de France, and José Patrocinio Jimenez, a veteran Colombian who won the '82 Coors, has never beaten him. When Herrera and teammate Corredor broke for the lead in the Boulder Mountain Road Race on Day 2 the other riders had been expecting the move, but were still helpless to do anything about it. "All you can do is say goodbye," said Phinney.

Herrera was content to let Phinney dominate the criteriums, an which he could pick up only dubs and dabs on the clock. In stage racing, the overall winner is decided by cumulative time, and Herrera was building up huge leads in the mountains. The other riders were forming coalitions in the longer races, conspiring to block him, but Herrera seemed too good as he chased down all their breakaways. At the 10-mile point of the final 114-mile Cheyenne-Denver stage, the race seemed over. No one was even thinking of Stetina, the '79 Coors winner, who had "retired" from cycling last year, but this season he decided on a comeback. When he had turned professional back in '81 it was not for money, but for love. "It was my way of promoting the sport," he explains. His real job is working for a senior citizens center, where he teaches his father's specialty, deep-muscle massage.

Stetina promoted the devil out of the sport—and looked like a real pro—when he joined the final breakaway. While groups of harriers frustrated Herrera, Grewal, serving as pacer, pulled Stetina ahead. They are teammates on the Aspen DC-DS team, and when it was all over Grewal said, "I ride for Dale. The pack probably slowed Herrera two and a half minutes. They sowed confusion."

By the final overall standings, Stetina had sprinted to the front, finishing with an accumulated time of 26:32:39. Doug Shapiro of Dix Hills, N.J. was second, 1:20 behind, and Herrera was 2:09 minutes off the pace.

Oh yes, Phinney also was out there trying Sunday, the final day, wrist and thigh heavily bandaged. Much of the rest of his body looked like hamburger, and he had wrapped foam rubber on his right handlebar. "I'm going to finish this race," he said. And he did, thereby proving once again that bicycle racers are nuts—with guts.

END

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by William Taaffe

Whew, it's over! At last we can wipe our brows, forget about football in 90° heat, ignore the Michigan Panthers' victory in the first Who Cares Bowl and get down to the really important stuff about the USFL. For instance, how did this TV creation do on television? And how well did the ABC team of Keith Swanne and Sideline Tim and ESPN's Paul Maguire serve the viewers during the league's inaugural season?

First, let's head to the ABC booth. For most of this year the avuncular Keith Jackson, Mr. College Football himself, probably would have preferred to say, "How 'bout them Dawgs" instead of "The Stars are on the move." But his football instincts and relaxed manner more than made up for his lack of enthusiasm for the USFL. Kudos also should go to Tim Brant, who was given the thankless task of trying to question players on the sidelines who were more interested in passing out from injuries or passing along regards to Mom. An erstwhile linebacker at Maryland, Brant is a nimble-minded, businesslike reporter who knows how to ask the right question. Unfortunately, Lynn Swann, who comes across as Mr. Goodwrench—always on his best behavior, always mechanical, and rarely letting his personality come through—hasn't gotten into the swim of things. For one thing, he never seems to know when to stop talking about zone-flag routes and post patterns. On Sunday he gabbed incessantly, overanalyzing replays, crumming in half a dozen comments every time Jackson passed air.

Besides Brant, the most pleasant surprise of the season was the irreverent Maguire, the former Buffalo Bills line man and NBC color man who teamed with the reliable Jim Simpson on ESPN. It's not enough for an analyst to diagram X's and O's anymore; the good ones like Maguire entertain us. Maguire comes across like a well-informed fan at the tap house. He says what's on his mind, is occasionally hilarious, has a feel for the lunacy of the game and doesn't like George Allen's conservatism. Thanks to Maguire, the nod in the booth goes to ESPN.

Neither ABC nor ESPN will win a



ESPN beat ABC in the booth in large part because Maguire (right) outdid Swanne.

Peabody for rigorous journalism in its USFL coverage, however. We had three questions before the season: 1) Would commentators whitewash inferior play? 2) Would TV cover the major story of Nielsen ratings and attendance? 3) Would the networks personalize these mostly no-name players? On balance, ABC and ESPN weren't afraid to call attention to inept performances. They certainly established open season on the refs. However, neither network had the courage to air a self-assessing feature on its ratings and neither talked about attendance much after the bolfo opening week. In fact, ABC's cameras sometimes stopped shooting the ball on kickoffs and punts, thus avoiding panoramas of empty seats. A more glaring omission was ABC's failure to put the players in context. Presumably some had failed in the NFL and had driven doughnut trucks last year, but we never heard their stories. Case in point: After four hours Sunday night, America still wants to know who Michigan Coach Jim Stanley is.

As for the ratings, the two semifinal playoff games drew a so-so 5.0 and 5.9, and the championship pulled overnights of 7.4 in New York, 8.7 in Chicago and 9.9 in Los Angeles, disappointing for prime time. On Black Friday, June 17,

Profitable but forgettable


ABC's USFL coverage did well financially but not journalistically



ABC aired a prime-time game between Chicago and Birmingham. It finished 72nd out of 72 shows that week with a rating of 4.8, the worst prime-time number of the year. Some advertisers who bought time this season seem skittish about reuniting. "I thought there was a lot more upside potential in the playoffs," says Steve Grubbs, director of network programming for BBD&O, an ad agency that represents two clients who advertise on ABC's USFL broadcasts.

Still, ABC's regular-season average of 6.0 met sponsors' expectations. ABC projected a 5.0 for the year, and the 6.0 was a far-sight better than the 4.8 ABC drew for *Superstars* and other programming during the same months last year. Most telling of all is this arithmetic: ABC paid \$9 million in rights fees this year while realizing more than \$31 million in ad revenues. It may well raise its rate of \$30,000 per half-minute by 10% to 15% next season. For the Who Cares League, that may be a more important score than Sunday's 24-22 in Denver.

END



THIS STEELER IS

Mel Blount has been a cornerstone of the Pittsburgh dynasty for 13 years,



REALLY A COWBOY

but his roots are in the red clay of his Georgia farm **BY ROY BLOUNT JR.**

CONTINUED

Hup! How often do we get to watch a black Georgia Steeler cowboy work? Mel Blount, the only such cowboy extant, is up on his cutting horse Straw King, and the two of them, in centaurl concert, are singling a calf out from the rest of a penned-up bunch.

Calf tries a move to his left. *Tharomble tharop, rrk*, dirt flying, Blount and Straw King are there. Calf cuts back to his right. *Tharomble tharop, rrk*, clods in the air, Blount and Straw King are there. Calf can't get open! Can't run his pattern! It's a bit like watching a distinguished NFL cornerback cow a receiver. "I've learned a lot from these horses," says Blount.

What, exactly?

He is silent for a moment, as if the answer is obvious. "Ways of moving."

Here in Toombs County, Ga., a few miles south of the town of Vidalia, which is famous for its onions, is where Blount made his first moves in life, and where he now breeds quarterhorses, and where he's starting Mel Blount Youth Home, Inc. The kids at the home, who would otherwise be in reform school, can save money for college by having their own horses to raise.

"I think I was blessed by growing up on a farm," Blount says. "My life has been like a storybook."

The story began two generations back with Mel's maternal grandfather—one-armed Charlie Sharpe, a great man who rated no obituary and seldom wore

Celebrated for his interceptions, Blount has 53, second to Ken Riley among active NFL players.





Blount has the torso of a scaled-down Chamberlain, and keeps it toned by pumping a lot of iron

shoes. When Charlie was born, not far from this farm, he was a slave of the Sharpes, a family of cotton and corn farmers.

This is as far back as Blount's relatives can trace Charlie's line. "They say his mother was pert Indian," says one of Blount's maternal relatives, Aunt Cooter, 84, who has a lot of red in her coloring. "White people brought her from foreign lands. And she saw her sister there, at the place where she was being sold, so they brought the sister too."

When Charlie died in 1953, in his 90s (the family has no record of his birth date), he owned around 2,000 acres, the land from which his youngest grandson

sprang into NFL history. This season will be Blount's 14th as a Pittsburgh cornerback. He has played in four Super Bowl victories (in two of which he made crucial interceptions), five Pro Bowls (in one of which he was the MVP) and 202 regular-season and playoff games, more than any other Steeler ever. In 1975, when he intercepted 11 passes, he was the Pittsburgh MVP and the AP's NFL Defensive Player of the Year. He has more career interceptions, 53, than anybody else in Steeler history. His career may not have been as extraordinary as that of Charlie Sharpe, but it might well get Blount into the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

Blount has also been involved in a

monumental flap over NFL violence, in the course of which he sued his coach, Chuck Noll, for \$5 million. There was another time when he called a Steeler defensive coach "stupid" for pulling him out of a playoff game after Cliff Branch of the Raiders had burned him for several receptions. He has also been through a bankruptcy. But, "All my dreams have come true," he says. "I'm still dreaming."

This will be the last season on his current \$200,000-a-year-plus-bonuses contract, and it may well be the year he retires. His thoughts now turn increasingly to horses, to disadvantaged youths and to

continued

MEL BLOUNT continued

the land that Charlie Sharpe acquired acre by acre while keeping out of white folks' way and working at a sawmill for as little as 15¢ a day.

At this point I might mention that 10 years ago, when I first got to know Blount, he said to me, "Just think, your great-granddaddy probably owned my great-granddaddy." Mel and I have the same last name and we're both from Georgia. I'm glad to say that when I asked my father whether what Mel had suggested was in fact possible, my father replied, "No, your great-granddaddy didn't own Mel's great-granddaddy, because your great-granddaddy didn't own anything. He was poor as owl dung."

But since Mel's and my people come from pretty much the same neck of the woods—Georgia just above Florida as far back as he can trace his, and Florida just below Georgia as far back as I can trace mine—the likelihood is that our Blount-hood derives, in one way or another, from the same folks.

My grandfather was a hard-working man, too. He died at 70 while chopping down a tree from his seat in a wheelchair he'd made for himself. I'm proud of him and his forebears, who farmed respectably, if not lucratively, 200 miles or so from Toombs County.



Blount believes God wants him "to tell His word."

But I despaired of discovering a heroic *Roots* saga for myself several years ago, when I went to the Calhoun County Public Library in Blountstown, Fla. not far from where my father and grandfather

were born, and discovered that the town was named for a Seminole Indian, not related to me, who adopted an Anglo-Saxon name. The town bears his name, I was told, because it was founded on land granted to him in appreciation of his having helped Andrew Jackson fight other Indians—"and Negroes," according to the librarian. In 1834, after the United States government purchased his land and cattle and furnished him with a ship, Col. John Blount and some of his followers sailed from Florida to Texas. When I read a musty Blount family history in the same library and came to an enthusiastic account of a 19th-century lynching, I threw up my hands.

No doubt some ancestor of mine did own some of Mel's, but I have been unable to determine which one. Mel's father, James Blount, who died in 1967, married Charlie Sharpe's daughter, Alice, after coming to Toombs County from Lumber City, Ga., where few of his relatives remain. Mel's paternal grandfather, Henry Blount, was a preacher.

"They say he was the preachingest man, and the prayingest," says Mel's brother Isiah, who's called Jack. "One time he was praying at an outdoor service, and a mule hitched to a wagon went down in prayer with him. Kneeled right down. That's the truth. There's people around here who witnessed that." That's something I'll tell my grandchildren, whether I deserve to identify with Henry or not.

I've felt vaguely related to Mel ever since I hung around with the Steelers throughout the 1973 season, under the sponsorship of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, to write a book, *About Three Bricks Shy of a Load*. One reason I chose the Steelers was that they had a Blount, which meant that I might eventually be able to acquire a real Steeler game jersey with my last name on it, which I did. If I had to choose between saving my grandchildren (should I have any) or that jersey from a fire, I would of course take the grandchildren. But I would hold it over their heads for the rest of my life.

When Mel introduces me to people, he



It only seems that Alice is always flying chicken. She takes Sundays off, here so rock with Mel.

often says, "We're brothers," to give them pause. Sometimes, while they're figuring out that it's a joke, I add, "in-law." During training camp in 1977, when Mel was holding out for more money from the Steelers, I went down to Silledell, La., where he and his wife, Leslie, and daughter, Tanisia, have a home on Lake Pontchartrain (they also have a townhouse in Pittsburgh) to hold out with him. We didn't get what we wanted, but we did get, according to Mel, a 50% raise, and we had some excellent gumbo. Until this year, however, I had never

about one of a sports star's brothers when the star has at least two—but Mel says matter-of-factly, "I always looked on myself as different." The last of 11 children who had been born at regular two-year intervals, he is also, by two or three inches, the tallest.

The most Olympian sports body I've ever seen belongs to Wilt Chamberlain, who, beginning at gracefully slim ankles, broadens in unhurried geometrical progression to shoulders the size of an ox yoke. Mel has the same body only scaled down from 7'1" to 6'3". At the top of

ly I take a 32 waist, but I have to have a size larger to be able to get them over my thighs," he says. My waist is 36. I asked him once whether he ever worried about his weight. "I don't worry about anything, man," he said. "It's not part of my makeup."

They say Charlie Sharpe was straight and streamlined like Mel, and nearly as tall. According to family lore, one time Charlie told a man, "Be careful of that axe," and just then the blade slipped and cut deep into the man's foot. Charlie tore off the sleeve that he didn't have any use



Changing from his Sunday best, Blount enjoys a lively sprint with one of his quarterhorses.

been to his ancestral home in Georgia. I figured it would be a rootsy visit, and it was. It also brought into focus certain things that Mel and I don't have in common, like unabashed aggressiveness and a certain kind of faith.

Mel and I both wanted to become great athletes, and he did. After visiting his farm I know three reasons for that: work, food and—to put it mildly—sibling rivalry. Folks in Toombs County say Mel's brother, Bobby, may have been the best natural athlete among the seven Blount boys—people always say that

Blount's exquisite physique is his calmly erect, completely shaven head, which looks like a highly polished, bearded, semiprecious stone.

He's a rich bay-auburn color. (I'm a sort of freckled off-peach.) At age 35 he weighs 205 pounds, about the same as he did at the end of his college career at Southern University in Baton Rouge, 14 years ago. To use a scouting report phrase, he's "split high"; his pants are 36 inches in the inseam—five inches longer than mine, although he is only 2½ inches taller—and 33 inches in the waist. "Real-

for, bandaged the man's foot with it, put the man across his shoulders and trotted with him two miles to a doctor. Saved the man's life.

"Just think," says Mel with pleasure. "Some day people will be asking what kind of man I was. And people be lying..." Self-effacement isn't part of his makeup either.

The fertile, highly tillable mixture of grayish-tan sand and red clay that he plowed with a mule when he was a boy is

continued

MEL BLOUNT continued

part of him, though. While he never moved a mule to pray, Mel was good with them, as was his mother, Alice Sharpe Blount, who is in her 70s. She's slightly bent now, but she moves smoothly, says "I haven't forgot a thing," and is sure of herself. "I told Marlon," she says, referring to Mel's ball-of-muscle 19-year-old nephew, "I could get out there and ride a horse as well as he could, right now. I could see he didn't believe me. But I could."

"I don't think much of these tractors," she adds. "They cover the ground faster than a mule, but they don't turn it as well. Seems to me things have gone backwards. Time when we used mules, we could grow as much as we could eat and still put something other away. A mule, you could keep him fed. With this gasoline—and talk about \$400 for a tractor tire!—you got to tie up your crop ahead of time."

Jack agrees that farming is hard to stay ahead of these days. "The government's lending farmers money and advising 'em to declare bankruptcy," he says.

"My father lost part of his right arm at the sawmill," Alice says. "I'd go out in the morning when I was a little girl to tie his handrope. Tie his arm to the plow. And I'd get out early, be waiting in the field for him, and I'd try plowing myself. And I learned how."

"My father's mother had long, straight

black hair she tied up in a bag ball back of her head. She'd pick cotton and put it all in her apron—wore an old, long apron and tucked it up some way. And she'd pick 100 pounds a day, nearly every day. My daddy'd tell us what he gon' do to us if we let her outpick us. I'd be just

apickin' cotton to keep up with that old lady."

"We'd get up ever' morning at four, and when they put you out in that field, you worked. My daddy could walk from here to everywhere. I'd be out in that field, thinking no one was watching



Blount's pace is leisurely when he strolls beside Aunt Cooper, 84, and when he settles on the porch of his grandmother's old house to visit Uncle Son.



whether I was working or not, and look up—way over on a hill, there'd be my daddy's eyes on me. Only thing kept you from working was if you was sick. And people in them days wasn't sick as much.

"We'd go to school couple of days, work the rest of the week and get behind in school so we couldn't ever catch up. It seemed rough at the time. But it's good to know how to do things. And you learned how on the farm."

"I raised 11 head of children, and the most of 'em went to college. Children and grandchildren together, I've had 28 go to college."

If she'd had a chance, what would she like to have taken in college?

continued

A moment with a Mustang GT.

Mustang GT approaches S turn. Downshift 4th to 3rd gear. Driver brakes (ventilated power front discs, rear drums). Five liter high-output V-8 in third gear.



Downshift to second in the short chute. Driver straightens car quickly with rack and pinion steering. Suspension with high-rate springs and shocks and Performance BSW tires unloads from hard left turn and sets up for the hard right.



Hard right turn loads suspension to the left. Large diameter front and rear stabilizer bars keep Mustang flat in the turn. Driving seat provides good lateral support for driver in command position. Driver steers left. Accelerate. Upshift.



A winding road unwound.
A moment with a Mustang GT.



Have you driven a Ford... lately?



"Oh, I don't know," she says. "But what I like to do is plow. I just like to farm."

She lives on the family farm still, as do Mel's brothers, Jack, Bobby and Clint, and their families and Aunt Cooter and Uncle Son. Mel spends a good part of the off-season there in a three-bedroom trailer that forms a small compound with his 12-stall horse barn (headquarters of his Cobb Creek Farms quarterhorse operation), the trailer that is the beginning of his youth home and his mother's house, which is decorated inside with photos of grandchildren, framed passages of Scripture, the Last Supper painted on black felt, a souvenir scroll from the French Quarter and a sampler that says **BACHELORS ARE LIKE DETERGENT—THEY WORK FAST AND LEAVE NO RING.**

Pine, oak, walnut, pecan, peach and fig trees shade the immaculate yard. The slightly rolling fields stretch across the horizon. Jack, 46, who lives over the hill, runs most of the farming operations, raising soybeans, oats, hay and cattle. Clint, 37, who lives just up the road and used to be a special-education teacher, helps Mel run the horse business and will be director of the youth home. Bobby, 39, who lives over on yet another part of the property, farms a little, drives a Toombs County school bus and runs his own pest-control business.

They all grew up working hard. "Didn't do anything but work," says Clint. When you had a lot of land to farm and didn't have a lot of equipment and couldn't afford to hire much help, you'd have 11 kids and put them out on the ground. "And we stayed on the place," says Clint. "When we'd get to go into Vidalia, it was like Christmas."

During the tobacco harvest, the kids might work 22 hours a day. But they all got their schooling—it was a 40-minute bus ride to the nearest black school, in the town of Lyons—and they played ball.

And they ate. Alice remembers James telling her, "Keep 'em fed. Keep 'em fed and they'll work." Every time I walked into her house, at 9 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 4:30 p.m. or 9:30 p.m., she was putting fried chicken, stewed chicken, butter beans, soupy white lima beans, grits, gravy, cornbread, rice, mashed potatoes, thick-sliced bacon, collard greens, biscuits, ham, black-eyed peas, sweet iced tea and hot sauce onto the table and saying,

"Y'all about let it get cold." When I start eating food like that, it takes me back to when I was 14, could eat steadily for hours with impunity and figured I'd be a sports immortal.

Inside every thin Southern person is a fat person signaling to get out. Mine has partially emerged, as has Bobby's. One night Bobby leaned back from the table, slumped his stomach proprietarily with both hands and said, "Roy, this is all the savings I got."

There are food-related ways by which Mel stays in shape at the farm—like tossing 50- and 60-pound watermelons along a family bucket-brigade line—"And you can't stop," he says—to load them into a truck. But occasionally Mel skips one of his mother's meals, puts on a rubber bellyband that makes him sweat more around the middle and goes out and runs with the horses. Mel has received the NFL glory, but Bobby has received more food and looks like he is pleased with his end of the deal. Clint introduced me to Bobby as someone who "helps put out the magazines."

"Well," said Bobby, shifting his chew of tobacco and looking amused, "I guess there's got to be somebody for ever' thing."

Bobby is the easiest-going brother, but he can still play a mean game of what the Bounts call "country basketball." When they were growing up, the brothers played football using a tin can for the ball. It was tackle and no-holds-barred. And they played country basketball, after which the NFL never seemed particularly rough to Mel.

Country basketball is played on a powdered-dirt, one-basket court about the size of a boxing ring. I was tempted to join in. But I would have thrown everything off. It would have been like Pat Boone trying to sing with the Isley Brothers. I couldn't have jacked myself up to the level of the arguing, much less the shoving, slapping and in-your-face.

To claim a foul, you pretty much have to have been thrown bodily out of bounds while in possession of the ball, and even then you have to be able to yell loud enough, long enough, to withstand all the accusations of pusillanimity.

I watched Mel and Bobby's stepson Frankie, 15, play Bobby's son Markon, who will be a running back for Southern U this year, and Mel's son Norris, who's

continued

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16 and ran back an interception 107 yards to help win a game 9-7 for his high school in Lubbock, Texas last year. What appeared to be at stake was the championship of the world.

I have observed some vivid father-son struggles in my time—for instance, in performances of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*—but I've never seen one to match the sight of Mel and Norris thumping each other half to death under the family basket.

Norris' mother, Mary, was Mel's high school girl friend, whom Mel didn't marry. Norris spends his summers on the farm. Notre Dame has already written to him about playing football there. He's built like Mel, only—so far—two inches shorter.

It's clearly Mel's feeling that a son should never box a father out. Whump! Slap-slap-slap! Norris would go sprawling. And Norris would come right back. "Show me!" Norris would say. "Show me!" I can be as rough as the next! And they would be back into it again.

And Marlon, who looks like a Herschel Walker built lower to the ground, would be going up and changing directions twice in midair and popping in 12-foot jumpers or yelling at Mel. "You cheatin', Chuck?" (Marlon and Norris call Mel "Chuck," for Chuck Noll, or occasionally "Art Rooney", referring to the Steelers' owner.)

"I'm shooting the ball in the basket," Mel would say. "That cheating?"

"Way you do it," Marlon would say.

"Whining. Why you whining? You playing like the Dallas Cowboys," Mel would say. And I remembered watching Mel, in Super Bowl X, beat Cowboy Receiver Golden Richards up so bad that he staggered out of the game with broken ribs. In the Steelers' most dominant NFL years their bedrock strength was that they whipped people down into the dirt physically, and Blount was as big a part of that tradition as a defensive back can be.

In 1977 George Atkinson of Oakland sued Noll and the Steelers for slander,

because Noll had accused Atkinson of being part of a "criminal element" in the NFL after Atkinson belted Steeler Receiver Lynn Swann in the head when Swann didn't even have the ball. During the trial, Noll conceded under cross-examination that some of his own players had struck blows as nasty as Atkinson's.



Country basketball: Mel on Marlon (right) and Chuck on Norris

Atkinson's lawyers showed a film of Blount hitting Branch when Branch didn't have the ball. Noll, no doubt with some sarcasm, said Blount's hit was a "dastardly" act. Blount was holding out at the time. He sued Noll for \$5 million.

But when he signed he dropped the suit. "I had just declared war on the Steelers in general," he says now. "Everything I know about football, Chuck taught me." During the '77 season, after the holdout, Blount hit Cincinnati's Bob

Trumpy so hard that two of the bolts fastening Trumpy's face mask to his helmet were knocked off. For that, Blount was called into Commissioner Pete Rozelle's office, but he was cleared of using "unjust and improper force." "It's a game where you got to expect to be hit. It ain't a game for sissies," Blount says.

Nor is country basketball.

"Y'all wouldn't have been nothing back when I was in school," Mel told Norris and Marlon. "Wouldn't even have made the team."

"Now," said Marlon. "Cause we'd've been hurting everybody up so bad. Would've thought we was gods."

"Play him closer, Frankie!" Mel yelled. "You playing like a sissy." Frankie was in fact playing so hard that the bandage flew off the bad cut on his finger and the cut opened back up, and Frankie had about two-thirds of Marlon's body mass. But aunts and female cousins who were sitting around the court were saying, in dead earnest, "Frankie, you can't make the big play!" Frankie bore in on Marlon gamely, and Marlon said, "Yeah. He gon' go for that egg, and the chicken done gon' be gone!"

Marlon and Norris won the first two games. "O.K.," declared Mel. "This one's for the championship."

"O.K.," said Marlon. "You ain't fair. But we can live with it. We the best! We the best!"

"Gon' give us a break, huh?" said Mel.

"Ain't giving you a break," said Marlon. "Don't give nobody a break. If you got a 2-month-old baby down, don't give him a break. Keep him down. Cause he's liable to get up and beat you."

"How come you letting this be the championship, then?"

"Cause y'all ain't going to beat us."

"What's wrong with you, Frankie! You lettin' him intimidate you! Keep your hand in his face!"

"Oh!" said Marlon sarcastically. "My face ain't ever going to forget that." There ensued half an hour of wrestling, flying through the air and full-tilt yelling.

continued

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with Norris hollering. "All right, Big Boy!" at his father after Mel gave him a resounding whack, and Mel answering, "See what you made of, Norris? You playing a man's game now?" In large part because Mel called fouls on slips that were hardly contact compared with some of his defensive assaults, Mel and Frankie won the championship by one basket.

And Mel and Marlon and Norris went straight up to the barn and took turns doing sets of repetitions of squats and jerks with 185 pounds, as the barn's stereo system played a disco song whose lyrics included, "I . . . love . . . to . . . see . . . you . . . sweat. Keep yo' body wet."

No hard feelings at all. "You ought to be loose," Mel said to Norris. "You been messing around with your daddy?"

A daddy has to do whatever it takes not to get beat by his son. "You don't know what kind of man I am," Mel told Norris. "I been before the public. You can look at my record."

"Uh-huh," said Norris, pumping iron and feeling strong.

"See why I like to come to the farm?" Mel asked me. "Every time I come down here I got to prove myself all over again. Get with these teen-age kids; they want to fight me."

"I guess it's good for them," I said.

"I don't want them to get the idea," he said, "that things come easy."

I went through 16 years of schooling in Georgia, Texas and Tennessee without ever having a black schoolmate. Mel never had a white one. "When I was growing up here," he says, "I wasn't really aware what life was all about. Went to an all-black school, always worked for my daddy, competed with black athletes. My whole world was black until I got into pro football. And then I realized that things I was told in college were true. There's differences between the way black people are treated and the way white people are treated. If you want to compete in white society, you've got to be twice as good. Can't ever take anything for granted. Because, let's face it, they're the ones making the decisions. You got to deal with re-

sults. Being an athlete, I have that knack for meeting a challenge."

"There's no way in the world the North can touch the South. In the North people camouflage themselves so well when it comes to race. Black people are further ahead in the South. More aware what society is all about. Blacks in the North get a false security."

"And there's a difference between poor in the South and poor in the North. When you poor in the North, you poor, because you can't grow nothing in them concrete streets."

"The Blounts are very well thought of," whites in Vidalia told me, and everywhere I went with Blount he was recognized and celebrated. (A hostess in a Savannah restaurant told me, however, "I thought he was that colored man on The A-Team without the jewelry.") But Blount says that although he has made speeches "all over the world, nobody has ever asked me to speak in my hometown." It's the Vidalia onion—which grows only in that area, is wonderfully

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sweet and is celebrated with an annual festival featuring a contest to see who can eat the most raw onions—that's referred to locally as "our favorite son." The 12,500 population of Vidalia is about one-third black but in the two copies of the local paper, *The Advance*, that I saw, there were 134 white people in photographs (inside from an indistinct long shot of a graduating high school class) and five blacks. When I asked whether there had been an obituary or anything written about Charlie Sharpe in *The Advance* when he died, Jack looked surprised at the very notion.

I went with Clint to a local store, where he was served cordially. "Is there a big difference between the way blacks are treated in stores around here now and when you were a kid?" I asked him.

"When I was a little kid," he said, "if you didn't get out of whites' way fast enough they'd kick you, slap you, knock you down. You just tried not to take their hate into you."

"The difference is, before they used a whip, now they're using a pencil. Used to beat you physically and get away with it, now they beat you legally and get away with it. You're still getting your butt beat. Now you get a little more respect—if they know you and want your business. I don't want to be treated different because of my name. I want to be treated the same way my neighbor is who maybe doesn't have any money. I want to be given respect because I'm a human being."

Charlie Sharpe, says Jack, "was the onliest Negro who got away with anything" in the old days. "Others lost their land all kinds of ways. He stayed back up here in the woods. Just came out to pay his taxes. Every white man he saw, he said 'Yassuh Captain, yassuh Captain,' just as nice as he could be. 'Captain would you please give me a drink of water?' Act like he didn't have anything."

"Had the prettiest stock in this part of the country. Built his own blacksmith shop and made his own tools. Don't know whether he ever went to school. He just had an X that he would sign. But he

could figure up a bill in his head, fist as anybody."

Beginning more than 100 years ago, Charlie would walk 10 miles through the woods to the sawmill, save his pay, buy land with it for as little as 25 cents an acre and clear the new ground with his one arm by moonlight. Eventually he had several tenants working for him, besides the proliferating Blounts. When he died,

the fear of getting the acreage tied up as collateral and losing it. "This land to my family is kind of like a sacred cow in India," says Blount. "We always had to overprotect what we had. I remember stories my mother told, when they were worrying about whether they could pay the mortgage. Sometimes shrewd businessmen wanted to come in and take the land. But my family knew the value of it."

"Now we got doctors and lawyers in this family, and entertainers. One of my brother Eljah's sons was the first black hired to teach law at the University of Georgia. Larry Blount. Another nephew's an engineer for Frito-Lay. His daddy's a doctor of philosophy. The right seed was planted in this family."

In 1936 Charlie paid off every penny he owed the bank. By way of celebration, McRae told him, "Charlie, go pick out any suit you want. I'm going to give it to you." Charlie picked out a pair of overalls and a denim jacket.

Charlie donated part of his land to the local black community, so that it would have a place to build Mt. Calvary Baptist Church. Blount was the special guest speaker in church one recent Sunday. He was announcing his youth-home plans.

My religious roots are in traditional Southern white Protestantism, which is different from traditional Southern black Protestantism in more or less the way that Roy Acuff is different from Mahalia Jackson. Which is to say, different, but akin. To me religion that gets too far from washed-in-the-blood seems not to count at all, and yet salvation seems to me claustrophobic, a word I don't use lightly. But the hymns go deep. Inside every Southern person who is outside the church is someone who's signaling to get back in. For me, going to Mt. Calvary was a little bit like eating at Alice Blount's table.

Everyone was dressed the way people in my church dressed for Easter when I was a kid. The hats on the women put tropical birds to shame, and Mel gleamed in a three-piece suit. Clint was videotaping everything.



Blount with Cornerback Norris and speaker Tanton.

there was over \$150,000 in his bank account from decades of producing cotton, turpentine, hogs, cattle.

But he always wore just an old pair of overalls and a flannel or denim work shirt, and almost never wore shoes. To buy more land he'd borrow money from a white banker in town, Duncan McRae, who was straight and supportive in his dealings with him, but there was always

continued

Jack's wife, Minnie, got up after a couple of hymns and told the congregation it was "kinda tight. We're here for one reason, to praise His name, and some y'all sound like you think you're here on your own merits. If He didn't do nothing but wake us up this morning we got reason to praise the Lord. Just loosen up. You know how these young ones do at the rock concerts, shoutin' and hollerin'. You know how you jump and shout for a home run. God done more for you than a home run when He died on that Cross."

We put a lot more into *I Want to Go Where Jesus Is* and *Amazing Grace*. Then we heard a pianist and three backup singers sing "You gotta get wrapped up ... tied up ... tangled up in Jesus. ... Then the world can't do you no harm." The pianist got so loose that Clint's wife, Nell, went up, put an arm around the pianist's shoulders and cooled her off with a cardboard fan. I felt myself to be really in church for the first time in years and years.

Mel's former high school principal, T.R. Maxwell, the NAACP president in the area, introduced Mel. "Some people get the dust of the community on their shoes and dust it right off," said Maxwell. "He didn't do that. He has roots. His roots are here."

Maxwell said that Mel's "profession is very short-lived. After a few years they turn you out to pasture like an old animal."

"Mm-hm, mm-hm," people said. I was one of them.

Maxwell said he'd been an honorary board member of the Georgia Sheriffs' Association home for boys, but he had resigned when it became clear that there weren't going to be any black boys there. In 1969 I wrote a column for the *Atlanta Journal* about that home's nonintegration, but it did not have any appreciable effect on the home's policy.

"We have black boys in trouble, too," said Maxwell. "They don't need to be slammed in jail."

Blount then rose and began to speak. "God has lifted me out of the cotton fields of Toombs County. God took me from behind a plow and a mule and put me in the spotlight, to tell His word." He cited the Book of Job, the story of Job,

Nell, "who says if you stick with the basics, you'll come through all right," and the Apostle Paul, "who said to the Philippians, 'Don't worry about anything. Instead pray about everything. And if you do this you get God's peace, which is more beautiful than the mind can understand.'"

Blount told of the home he was going to establish on his family land. One reason he was doing it, he said, was "to pull my family together. They struggling. I've made some progress. But the battle is not over with. We've had a history in my

love. Jesus didn't just exist. He went out and found Him some Disciples to spread the word. ... In football, you can't let somebody else make the tackle; you make the tackle. You got to say, 'I'm not going to sit back and do the counting. I'm going to be one of the ones being counted.'"

The Rev. Woodrow Jones, pastor, responded to Blount's message, saying, "I felt like he was telling you something or reminding you of something that I been trying to tell you for years. ... One reason a lot of folks haven't got anything is God knows they haven't got sense enough to use it. ...

"We all can't be Mel Blount. We all can't be Jackie Robinson. Can't all be no Joe Louis. But we can all be a success. ...

"I don't care how far you go, how far away, when it all boils down, it's Jesus. When you got Him, and other people be dying, you be flying."

"I think of myself as more of an entrepreneur than a ball-player," Blount says, but when I asked him how many more years he was going to play ball, he said, "That's like asking me how many more years I'm going to live. Retiring's like dying: The time just comes."

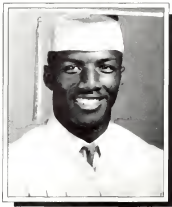
The time is going to come for him, he's inclined to believe, at the end of this season. The Steelers turned him in camp last year at the same speed—4.5—in the 40 that he ran as a rookie. He can still, in the great Steeler defensive tradition, make a runner wish he were in some other line

of work. But nobody—although you won't get Blount to admit it—has the same quickness against the pass at 35 that he had in his prime. When Blount turned one of his colts loose one afternoon on the farm and watched the animal cavort and frisk and leap around, he said, "Free at last."

"Do you feel like that horse on a football field?" I asked him.

"When I was a young boy," he said. "Still do sometimes. But not as often."

How will he continue to be a success after football, when he starts making \$200,000 less a year? His business ventures have not always been profitable. His employment agency in New Orleans



Blount graduated from Lyons Industrial High, class of '68.

family of passing up opportunities. It's something wrong when each generation don't make progress. The Lord like to see us successful.

"Everywhere I go people know me. I just look at myself as a child of God. When I achieved things on the football field I realized it was not because I was such a specimen I could go out and out-perform everybody else. I knew that God was watching over me.

"You could get out there on that road right now, and if you ain't got no direction, you could wind up anywhere. We need so much love among ourselves. Sure I cut the pathway, pushed some of the bushes out the way, but we all got to have

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went bankrupt in 1978. "I don't think I lost much from this bankruptcy; I think I gained a lot," said Blount at the time, characteristically.

Now he has some real estate in Augusta, Ga. and a diversified investment portfolio. But his horses are assets he can ride. "I'm going to make hundreds of thousands of dollars out of this horse," he says of his stud, Dee Blount. "Money on the hoof, man. Lot better than money in the bank." But the horse business is too unpredictable, he says, to be more than "a good side business."

So what's his main business going to be?

There's the youth home, he says, and maybe politics.

"But Clint says everything is restricted around here so that whites are always in a majority," I said. "And there are still a lot of blacks working on farms around here who are afraid to register."

"To me, everything is politics," he says. "Politics is people. And I'm happiest working with people, all races and creeds. I'm going to make a lot of money with this farm. Going to build me a city. All you got to do is clear some land; pretty soon people be building and developing."

The land. Charlie's will has been probated, but the terms have never been administered. Relatives with possible claims are spread around the country. Title to the land has been up in the air for 30 years. Nobody knows exactly how many acres there are. That's why Mel talks about pulling the family together. Clearing, holding and using land is never easy.

With all those high-dollar horses around, I said to Clint, it must be a big change from the old days. "I think we got more in these horses than we've gotten out of them," Clint said. "It's hard times. It's always been hard times. It's no different now. Soon as we go out the door every morning we're fighting. And soon as we close it behind us at night, we're licking our wounds."

"It's less physical work now. But between physical pressure and mental pressure, if I had a choice, I'd take physical. Because physical makes you feel closer to God, closer to nature. Physical keeps you young. My mother's 76, and if it was a sprint from here to that fence

post, I'd have a hard time beating her."

While I was visiting Blount, his friend Charlie Johnson, the Vikings' middle guard, came down. Johnson is getting into the horse business, too. The three of us were riding somewhere one night in Blount's truck. Willie Nelson was on the tape deck.

"Lot of black guys can't stand country music," I said.



Blount can still match his rookie 40 time of 4.5.

"Lot of black guys can't stand their selves," said Blount. "My nickname in college was Country. I was country when country wasn't cool."

"I sort of wish I had been born in them cowboy days," said Johnson. "Carry a gun, ride a horse, shoot people when I had to."

"You want to be wild, huh?" said Blount. "Going after rustlers."

"Don't mess with me, I don't mess with you," said Johnson.

"I like it just the way it is," Blount said. "Got any better I'd have to pay amusement tax."

"I can do without the world," said Johnson. "Give me two Rottweiler dogs and a good horse. Rottweilers bite through bones."

"Would you rather be rich or have your health?" Blount asked.

"How rich?" said Johnson.

"You rather be a little bit rich and have your health, or..."

"Aw, no, not a little bit rich. I want to be rich—and have my health. Like a lot of people."

"I'd think the trouble with being a football player and planning your future financially is you never know how many more years you're going to play," I said.

"And you be thinking about it all the time, too," said Johnson. "We're just pieces of meat to them. They keep us long as they can use us."

"That game will make a man out of you," said Blount.

"When we had the head slap," said Johnson, "that's when they had some real football. Blood and stuff trickling down your legs. You don't hardly see no snaggle-tooth linemen anymore. Everything's changed. All of 'em got teeth."

But the mood was not wistful in Blount's truck, which cost \$17,000 and was pulling a \$15,000 horse in a \$9,000 trailer. "I always wanted to be a football player," Blount said. "And I always wanted to have horses. And live in the country. And I got all three."

"I always wanted to play football, too," said Johnson. "And have a ranch. And I'm close. I haven't got the ranch yet, but I'm on my way."

"It's destiny," said Mel. "I believe a man is in control of his destiny. You can do what you want to in life."

"I saw a poll the other day," it occurred to me to say, "that said a big percentage of the population no longer believes in the American Dream."

There was a silence in the truck. Why did I have to say something like that? We drove along for a ways.

"Well," said Mel. "You got to be blessed, too."

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On The Scene

by FRANZ LIDZ

TRADITION FAILED THE IROQUOIS IN A LACROSSE SKIRMISH WITH THE CHAMPS

To the Great Lakes Indians, the most celebrated lacrosse game was the victory in 1763 of the Ojibway and Sac tribes at the British garrison of Fort Michilimackinac in what is now northern Michigan. The contest wasn't so memorable, but the postgame festivities were.

The game was a move to breach the defenses of the garrison during Chief Pontiac's uprising, a period of frequent fighting between the British and the Indians. The two tribes, which had been loyal to the crown, offered to stage the lacrosse game outside the fort in honor of George III's birthday.

"Hundreds of lithe and agile figures were leaping and bounding upon the plain," wrote a trader at the scene. "Rushing and striking, tripping their adversaries or hurling them to the ground, they pursued the contest amid the laughter and applause of the spectators."

The British soldiers streamed out to see the game and left the garrison unguarded. Suddenly, the ball soared into the crowd. The Indians surged after it and on into the fort.

"The shrill cries of the ball players were changed to the ferocious war whoop," the trader wrote. The British were slaughtered but eventually got their revenge. It's hard to find an Ojibway or a Sac these days along the shores of Lake Michigan. But for the next couple of centuries the colonists were likely to be suspicious whenever Indians proposed any sort of game.

Within the Indian communities, lacrosse was used more for peaceful recreation than wartime strategy. Some Indians began to play a wild-spirited version of the game called box lacrosse, which emphasizes offense and is played in en-

closed rinks. Field lacrosse was never abandoned, however, and the Indian team that competed for a spot in the 1932 Olympics featured a midfielder named Harry Smith. He later became known as Jay Silverheels, the actor who played the part of the Lone Ranger's sidekick, Tonto. Lastly, the best Indian players have turned up at Syracuse or one of half a dozen other colleges in upstate New York.

Last month, the six nations of the Iroquois Confederacy assembled a team to play field lacrosse against Syracuse and Hobart, the NCAA Division I and III champions, at the first Lacrosse Interna-

modern sticks are aluminum and plastic. Unfortunately, the allegiance of the best Indian goalie, Travis Solomon, an Onondaga, was to his alma mater, Syracuse.

For the Iroquois, lacrosse has religious overtones even today. The Indians still play at least one "medicine game" a year—a game rarely discussed because of its sacred meaning. "The Creator gave us this game to settle our differences," said Midfielder Freeman (Boss) Bucktooth, an Onondaga.

In the Syracuse game, the Creator seemed to have taken the day off. The Orange scored six times before the Iroquois ever took a shot. Then Mohawk Attack-

man Greg Tarbell, a former Syracuse All-American, fired in a 30-footer. "He's my cousin, so I let him score," said Solomon later with a smile.

It was the Iroquois' last shot in the first quarter. They were behind 10-1 at the end of the period and 16-2 at the half in what was shaping up as the Indians' worst defeat since the Battle of Wounded Knee.

The Chrysler brothers were the only guys on their box lacrosse-oriented team who had ever played defense. Syracuse charitably put in its fourth midfielder and second attack in the second half, and the final score was 28-5. The Indians, who had practiced to-

gether only a few times, lost the faceoffs 29-8 and ground balls 93-44 and took 40 fewer shots on goal. (Three days later they lost to Hobart 22-14.)

Syracuse Coach Roy Simmons Jr., who was an All-American at Syracuse and then played some box lacrosse, had compassion for his opponents. "I'm sure the score would have been a lot different if we were playing their game," he said. But Turtle Clan Chief Oren Lyons, an Onondaga whose nephew played goalie for the Indians, had no excuses and a different concept of strategy. He figured the Iroquois could have used some old-fashioned trading to get a win over Syracuse. "We should have offered them Manhattan," he said.



Tuscarora Randy Chrysler was on the ball but mostly the Iroquois defense rested.

tional festival, which was held in Baltimore at Johns Hopkins. The occasion was celebrated with chants and ceremonial dances, and there was a 40-foot Canadian red cedar totem pole carved with images of a crab for Maryland, an eagle for the U.S., a turtle for the Indians and a lacrosse player for the festival.

The Iroquois were coached by Sid Jamieson of Bucknell, a Mohawk, and included two sets of brothers from the Tuscarora tribe: the Henrys (attackmen Rob and Ron and goalie Dale) and the Chryslers (defensemen Randy and Rodger). Ken Fougner, a 37-year-old Oneida who coaches at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, started at attack, using an old-fashioned wooden stick; most

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STEVE HOWE

Sir:

I am disgusted with Jerry Kirshenbaum's editorial entitled "Back to the Dark Ages" in the SCORECARD section of your July 11 issue.

As a Dodger fan, I believe Steve Howe should be banned from baseball for life. There has to be an end to drug abuse so an example can be set for the youth of our country.

JOHN TUMPAK
Reseda, Calif.

Sir:

The point of view in "Back to the Dark Ages" really made me mad. I don't really care what the AMA says about chemical dependency (alcohol and drugs) being an illness. It isn't an illness. It's a weakness—a weakness of the will. Every human being, average person or professional athlete, has to determine what he or she will or will not do. That's life. Please, no more cop-outs for Steve Howe or anyone else! I never had given Bowie Kuhn or the L.A. Dodgers much thought, but I respect them for this. I have some expertise in the area of human psychology, being a coach of 11 years with a master's degree.

RAY MILLER
Rio Rico, Texas

Sir:

Labeling Steve Howe's cocaine usage as "disease" and the Dodgers' \$53,867 assessment as ill-advised "punishment" was pure cop-out. What about Howe's responsibility for getting involved in the first place? And what are the Dodgers supposed to do? Reward the man for a month of doing nothing?

It's about time someone stood up and said, "Drug use is wrong, and we are going to deal harshly with people who use drugs." When that is understood, you will not have to worry about athletes coming out of the closet to put themselves in clinics.

BOB WILBER
Arcadia, Calif.

Sir:

If Steve Howe had a real job in the real world, his drug use would probably have resulted in a loss of employment, at least, and perhaps a term in jail.

KEVIN D. SPEAKS
Pasadena

• For further discussion of the Howe matter, see page 9—ED.

WIMBLEDON

Sir:

Thanks very much for your story on Wimbledon '83 (*A Giant Stride Ahead of the Field*, July 11). John McEnroe demonstrated what a class tennis player he is by destroying

his opponents throughout the fortnight. No matter what the other players think of Mac, he's about to move to the top of the computer rankings again. If the last part of 1983 is like the first, McEnroe should be an overwhelming choice for your Sportsman of the Year.

JAY R. THOMAS JR.
Thomaston, Ga.

Sir:

Strawberries and cream to Curry Kirkpatrick for his article on Wimbledon. Despite having so many matches and odd turns of events to discuss, Kirkpatrick wove his biting satire throughout his piece, leaving me with a vivid, patchwork quilt of a report on tennis' main event. Adding to my enjoyment was the decisive victory by McEnroe. You're right, SL, Super Mac was never better. Connors was great, but that was in the past.

LOUI VERMAAS
Hartlingen, Texas

Sir:

This year McEnroe proved to me, and himself, that he could play terrific tennis and keep his temper in the locker room. Nice going, John—keep it up!

BRUCE A. TRINCA
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir:

As an avid reader of your magazine, I must say how disappointed I was not to see Martina Navratilova on the cover. By winning her fourth Wimbledon singles championship she proved what a great athlete she is, and also that she deserved far better photo coverage than that shot of her skirt falling off.

I find it sad that you feel women rarely rate your cover other than when they are in bathing suits.

KAREN GOODMAN
Andover, Mass.

Sir:

I awaited the arrival of the July 11 issue, knowing that a Wimbledon champion would be on the cover. Well, it came, and I wasn't surprised to find the men's winner there, as he has been for the past four years. Also, the last three U.S. Open champions featured on the cover were men. Don't get me wrong, the picture of John McEnroe was great, but I think the women champs deserve equal coverage for doing an equal job.

DEBBIE RULE
Modesto, Calif.

WALKER

Sir:

Herschel Walker may have been the only outstanding player on the New Jersey Generals (*Generally, It Was a One-Man Show*, July 11), but he clearly wasn't the only star in the

USFL. The Associated Press named Philadelphia's Kelvin Bryant as the league's Player of the Year. We in Chapel Hill knew all along that Bryant, a former University of North Carolina star, would shine in the USFL. We're just glad someone acknowledged that it was true!

JENNIFER WIDMANN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

Describing O.J. Simpson's rookie season with the Buffalo Bills, one sportswriter reported that Simpson made some of the greatest runs in the history of the NFL "... just to get back to the line of scrimmage."

Although I don't question the abilities of Herschel Walker, I have to wonder if after his rookie year Simpson could have said, as Walker did, "Physically this season was no tougher than college football." Walker's productivity must be taken with a grain of salt. Until he plays in the big league, his statistics are meaningless.

STEVE HOLY
Des Moines

QUIZSBERRY

Sir:

The chart "Quiz vs. the Competition" that accompanied your article on Dan Quisenberry (*Special Delivery from Down Under*, July 11) graphically illustrated how effective Quiz has been the past few years, but are you sure Gossage appeared in 278 games and pitched 278 innings? And if Gossage had appeared in 278 games, why was Tealve's total of 242 games printed in bold type?

LARRY GORDON
New Cumberland, Pa.

• SL erred. Gossage was in 178 games.—ED.

RADER

Sir:

Doug Rader's quote that Rod Carew is only one-tenth the player that Eddie Murray is (*Inside Pitch*, July 11) was in bad taste and totally unfounded.

Carew's greatness is well documented, and nothing Rader can say will change that. I don't believe Murray's talents by maintaining that it will take 10 more years before he can even hope to be compared with Carew.

As for Rader, he obviously doesn't have one-tenth the class of Carew.

FRANK PACE
San Diego

Sir:

Rader must have been using one-tenth of his brain when he made that comment.

BRUCE WATT
Hones Pt., S.C.

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19TH HOLE continued

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What the quote should have said is this: "Doug Rader is not one-tenth the person, nor was he one-tenth the player Rod Carew is."

BILLY HAWKINS
Dillon, S.C.

HOWARD SUTTON'S SON (CONT.)

Sir,

Having been a witness to those midnight debates between Howard Sutton and his dad, and also a witness to some of those midnight debates between Howard Sutton and his son, I can speak with authority concerning your article *It's a Father-Son Game* (June 30).

As I was growing up, I thought Howard and my dad were "crazy"—mostly because they kept me awake—but now that I'm a mother and a teacher two things stand out in my mind. Commitment and follow-through are two qualities that you don't see too much of in today's family. But you see one heck of a lot of it in Hal's family. At a time when other dads and moms are into "doing their own thing," Howard and Mary Sutton are, and always have been, into committing their efforts and energies toward their children.

Every day of his life Hal has had a dad and mom who were totally committed to his growth and development into all that he could be. How could he be anything but a champion?

MARTHA SUTTON COX
Hall's aunt and Howard's sister
Shreveport, La.

HEAVYWEIGHT DRINKING

Gr:

With the shocking increase in alcoholism and alcohol-related deaths on our nation's streets and highways in recent years, I was especially disappointed to read Bruce Newman's article on weightlifting (*They've Got High Hopes*, July 11), which seemed to glamorize the parting and heavy drinking of weightlifter Curt White. Drinking 15 whiskey and sevens will not put White in any record books, and not remembering how he got home that evening is certainly nothing to be proud of.

It's a shame that some people must equate staying loose and relaxing with drunkenness. Maybe mothers kept their children away from weightlifting because of Alexey's belly, they should keep them away from White, even if he is, as Newman suggests, a kid "that people can identify with." I can think of many other athletes people could imitate instead.

And White may not find this all so amusing when the Soviets, Bulgarians and others leave him standing in L.A. like a dumbbell.

MICHAEL W. YEN
DENVER

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Sooner or later, it's going to come down. But only the wind knows where.

So you plot your course quickly, yet carefully. And you make sure you don't over-correct. Because if you move too far one way or the other, it'll be too late. You'll miss it.

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